

THE Canadian FORUM

39th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, October, 1959

Fifty Cents

Current Comment

Religion in the Market Place

The advertisement announcing a gospel rally in a parking lot after the Friday night shopping promised room for 4,000 persons to hear British Columbia's Minister of Highways, Hon. Philip Gaglardi. But it was the coldest evening of a Vancouver summer, the skies were threatening, and no more than 400 turned out. For some perhaps the chilliness was reduced by the singing of the opening choruses — "Heavenly Sunshine" and "There's a Melody in My Heart." The singing was led by the assistant pastor of a local pentecostal church, a young man in white jacket, bow tie and dark trousers, who could easily have passed as the leader of a dance band; he shared the platform, a long flat trailer at the back of a large truck, with a young woman playing an electric organ. Then Mr. Gaglardi, who is the minister of a Pentecostal Assembly church in Kamloops as well as a minister of the crown, appeared and commented on the presence of representatives of the press; he urged the people sitting in their cars at the back of the parking lot to get out and come down in front of the platform so they'd be sure to be in the pictures the photographers were taking. (Later, reporters revealed that just before going on the platform the minister had been very annoyed by their questions about charges made that day by the leader of the opposition alleging scandals in the Department of Highways.) His first contribution to the program was a solo — "I Follow Him Every Step of the Way".

After another chorus the master of ceremonies thanked the officials of Dominion Stores who had permitted use of the parking lot free of charge and had thereby witnessed to the freedom of religion in Canada. Mr. Gaglardi contrasted this freedom with the religious tyranny in Czechoslovakia which he had just visited, and exhorted us all to stand fast against communism. Then he sang another solo, "How Great Thou Art" and led the crowd in clapping their hands through a jazzy number, "I've Got a Mansion Just Over the Hill". After Mr. Gaglardi had bellowed his way through yet another solo — "Others may sing of treasures of earth, sing of its glitter and gold . . . but He is my bright morning star, my light from above . . . the only theme of my song" — he got to the message of the evening.

The text was from Luke 19: "And behold there was a man named Zacchaeus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus . . . and could not for the press, because he was little of stature." So you see, observed the preacher, even in those ancient days they had trouble with the press. But the main point of the Biblical story for the Social Credit minister was this: Jesus called Zacchaeus down out of the tree because he had shown initiative, and God likes to see the small individual getting ahead in the world. (The Minister of Highways likes to

get ahead and has received three tickets for speeding in the last two years.) Further, Zacchaeus was an ingenious person; otherwise he wouldn't have been rich. Jesus' interest in a man whom most people hated proves His concern for the welfare of all men, and the criticism which His action provoked only shows that human nature doesn't change — if the people can't find something really wrong they make it up. This meeting with Jesus changed Zacchaeus' life; he belonged to a race reputed to have special skills in making money (of course we know this reputation has no foundation, although many people still believe it) but when Christ came into his heart he lost interest in material things. Our world needs the same change.

The young pastor offered a prayer thanking God for freedom of religion, for the privilege of worshipping out of doors, and for preventing rain from falling on the meeting, and then invited everyone to sing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow". Mr. Gaglardi, apparently anxious lest anyone think the activities of the evening had anything to do with a probable Social Credit appeal to the electors next year, added a postscript explaining that although parking lot evangelism was new to him, he had accepted the invitation of a group of young people to address the meeting because he was willing to do anything as long as it was right. As he concluded it began to rain hard.

MARGARET PRANG

Khrushchev on TV

Despite what looked like a conspiracy to keep him out of sight of the American masses, Mr. Khrushchev has been a star turn on television. His act didn't look too promising at first: he is no beauty and doesn't speak our language, and then again he isn't so downright *funny* as the rival team of Mac and Ike. But after a couple of days his vitality made itself felt.

The newspapermen of the free world and the odd mayor or two acted as straight men. In the face of their occasional

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calculated rudeness Mr. Khrushchev remained surprisingly reasonable and good-humored. When, at his first public conference, a pressman threw him a dirty question about Hungary, we winced in anticipation of the lecture which we felt was bound to follow on the subject of Suez. *Tu quoque* may not be an elegant manoeuvre, but it's always an effective one; and the cupboards of the free world are stuffed with skeletons that Mr. Khrushchev could easily have hauled out and rattled in our faces.

But he did no such thing. He merely said, with an engaging vividness of idiom, that Hungary seemed to have stuck in some people's throat like a dead rat—that it was nasty, and still they could not spit it out. The implication was that we should forget Hungary and face our immediate problems.

We cannot, of course, forget Hungary. Neither can we forget who it was that dropped the first atom bomb, nor who it was that plunged us all into war twenty years ago. But these are surely memories to be kept in the back of our minds, not in the foreground of public discussion.

When a Canadian newsman asked Mr. Khrushchev about the possibility of exchanging information about the arctic, he appeared to consider for a moment, and then gave a decisive and witty reply. Certainly such a proposal seemed reasonable to him, for after all his nation was against monopolies of any kind. All Mr. Khrushchev's replies were as quick and able as this.

What little we have been able to see of the Russian dictator has shown us a real person, and in many ways an attractive one. He is clearly of formidable intelligence, tough as nails, superficially of somewhat volatile temper, but candid, and plain-spoken.

As for his wife, she looks about as different as anyone could from the public women of the western world, with their bought faces and their carefully advertised good works. One cannot imagine her cashing in on cancer, red-feathering her nest, playing the polio game or any of the other gambits of socio-moral profiteering that ladies go in for in our hemisphere. In a word, she looks like a human being.

What we know of his rise to power shows Mr. Khrushchev as a ruthless politician. But we must be innocent indeed if we imagine that any head of state is other than ruthless in emergencies. The point is that we have now seen Mr. Khrushchev as something better than an out-and-out ogre. This bald-headed, flat-footed, sharp-eyed little waddling peasant gives appearance of being an intelligent and mature statesman with no more desire than we have to blast half of humanity off the face of the earth.

Perhaps he is bluffing when he calls for disarmament. That may be so—but one cannot help hoping that the politicians in our camp will go in for a bit of the same sort of bluff. The odd thing about politicians is that they talk so much nonsense they often end up believing it. This nonsense about disarmament is something we would very much like them to trick themselves into believing.

KILDARE DOBBS

Popular Theatre

A Canadian in Paris in August would have trouble finding a theatre to go to. The chic audience of Paris retires to the country in the heat, and the theatres have their "fermeture annuelle."

A Parisian in Canada in August would find a wealth of activity: festivals, summer stock companies, music fairs, touring companies. For some reason the heat of summer sends people out to be entertained, and Canadian theatre has its annual flowering.

Why?

The observable fact is that Canadians do go to the theatre in the summer, and where there is an audience, producers are not far behind. In August the Toronto audience had a choice of three musicals at Music Fair, *Two for the See Saw* at the Crest Theatre, the revue *Jubilee* at the Royal Alexandra, the Russian Festival at the Maple Leaf Gardens, and the Grandstand Show at the CNE. Within a few hours driving distance, Stratford, Vineland, Peterboro and Port Carling all offered more plays. On the night of August 27, there were approximately 20,500 people in Toronto attending some kind of theatrical entertainment. A not negligible audience.

Having said that summer theatre prospers because people are willing to go, I am still left with the question why people seem to be so willing. To try to answer my own question, let me examine the two shows that accounted for 18,000 of the total audience that night: the Russian Festival and the CNE grandstand show.

Thursday evening, August 27, I was, with some 6,000 others, hot but happy watching the Sol Hurok anthology of Russian dancers in the Maple Leaf Gardens. It was a good show, no doubt about that. The Russians, swaying with nostalgia, mugging with broad humor, or going off like fire-crackers all over the stage, were infectious. The know-how of forty years experience in performing for a "people's audience" enabled them to reach out and grab the Toronto audience without the slightest difficulty. The variety of color, pace, rhythm, mood, movement, were all so neatly calculated, that in an evening of 28 unconnected numbers, there were only two low spots.

But a good show is not always enough to guarantee good box office. In this case the curiosity factor enters, and the star-quality of Russians in the field of dance. Also it is an easy program for many people to enjoy: the appeal of spectacular rhythm and motion are wide, and not limited by barriers of education or language. But this doesn't really answer the question. I am looking for a more general reason, something that might apply to all our summer events.

The grandstand show of this year is supposed not to have been a success, because the audience was down from last year. Nevertheless the total audience is still much larger than for any play at the Crest Theatre. If the Crest could get such an audience, it could run a single play for over half a year, instead of for three or four weeks.

It's a lot more difficult to figure out exactly why so many people go to the grandstand show. This year's Canadiana was not half so entertaining as the Russian Festival, and the great cinemascope stage at the Ex manages to be even more remote from the audience than the make-shift stage of the Maple Leaf Gardens. George Gobel wasn't bad, he was



Descent From Eden

By Fred Cogswell, author of *The Haloed Tree*, *The Testament of Cresseid*, etc. A new book of poetry by a leading Canadian poet and critic. Deals with the significance of events and people as seen by a boy; shows the struggle between an environmentally-acquired Puritanism and an outgoing nature. \$2.50

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terrific. But on that stage he had about as much impact as a performing flea.

For ten years now the trend of the CNE show has been to glossier and glossier dance numbers, and to milder and milder humor. The dancing which used to be little more than walking around is now brassy enough for the chorus line of the Moulin Rouge, though never, Nathan forbid, as bodily revealing. The kick-line of the Canadettes is a dazzling sight, and about the only thing really suited to the shape of the stage. But that is all there was to the show this year: the slickness of this "Canadiana" has made it into impersonal restaurant cooking, where it used to have the individual flavor of home cooking. There was so little reaction to any act that I had to keep looking around to make sure that the other 12,000 people were still there.

I think it is possible, only just, to put on a show for 20,000 people sitting in a grandstand, but it has to be big, exciting, circusy. And the humor has to be largely visual: Wayne and Shuster had no trouble getting laughs, way back when. Critics are always asked to be constructive, to offer a solution for all the troubles they are able to see. Here goes: Mr. Jack Arthur should be sent to Moscow to see how a really fine show of this kind is done. I am not kidding. The Russian theatre may be rather old-fashioned, but their circuses are tops.

The show wasn't good, the audience wasn't enjoying it. Back to the question, why was everybody there? Some people say it's because certain shows get on a list of things to be seen. That may be true of the professional up-on-the-latest audience of New York, but hardly applies to the casual crowd at the Ex. They were not the beautifully dressed patrons of art that you see at all the cultural events. They were of all sorts: teen-agers, businessmen, secretaries, waiters, garbage collectors, politicians, schoolteachers. What might be called a mass audience, or with less connotation of sameness, a popular audience. Now at the same time as the grandstand show was having a "failure" with its audiences of thousands, the revue *Jubilee* was enjoying a real flop at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, even with all the out-of-town visitors here for the exhibition and a good time. And *Jubilee*, though not a good show, was easily as good a show as *Canadiana*.

The only explanation I can find is that summer theatre is associated with a different atmosphere from winter theatre; it's a festive occasion offering pleasure, relaxation, and an informal get-together. For the most part the entertainment takes place in some kind of make-shift building; a hockey arena, a grandstand, a tent, the town-hall, not the sort of place to intimidate those who don't know their way around a theatre. In winter, the theatrical events are wrapped in an atmosphere of self-righteous culture, earnest endeavour, and an exclusive ritual. There are people who could enjoy theatre who are scared away by the forbiddingly high-brow atmosphere, and it takes something like Stratford to overcome their prejudice.

In Europe there is a movement called popular theatre, which seeks to build up a wide audience, not limited by class or status. At the moment we do not have any theatre working along these lines, but it is interesting to notice that our summer theatres, which have come closest to the festive atmosphere sought by popular theatre, have met with the most success. For us cultural snobbery rather than class distinction is the problem, but the solution to the problem may be the same.

WENDY MICHENER

Half an Evening with Behan

To escape Brendan Behan in Dublin is as futile as trying to escape the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Wherever you go, the shambling grizzly bear with the profile of a Roman emperor seems to loom up. The short, almost mincing steps bear no relation to the rate of progression. He seems to roll over the ground like an enormous Guinness barrel that has just sprouted legs. As you side-step to let him pass, the earth seems to tremble and the sun is momentarily blotted out.

One day I found myself heading towards a railway bar in the city. Due to some legal oversight, it remained open during the "Holy Hour" — a term piously used by Dubliners to denote the lunch-time closing. Along came Behan. Falling easily into conversation — to engage Behan in conversation you have only to wink in his direction — we clattered up the steep iron steps leading to the platform, paused momentarily to get his breath, and in a moment were safely ensconced in the brightly lit bar.

The room was very crowded, but three customers obligingly made way for him. Storming up to the counter, he placed one massive elbow on it with a dull thud, and demanded his drink as only a Dubliner can. A barmaid instantly dropped what she was doing and came to our assistance.

"Two bottles a' stout, Mary, for the love a' God! Jasus, we haven't all day to wait. An' be quick about it, will ya'."

In an incredibly short space of time she returned with two glasses of stout, laying them down in front of Behan as if offering a sacrifice before some ancient god.

"Jasus, Mary I thought you'd gone to Clonakilty for it!"

Seizing one of the glasses in an enormous fist, he practically drained it at one gulp. Fearing a similar fate awaited the second one, I grabbed it deftly and stood back. On the way to the station, Behan had explained in lurid terms that funds were low. With Brendan I gather that they are hardly ever at any other level. Like all true artists, he has a healthy contempt for the mere necessities of life, preferring beer to bacon and Guinness to goulash. He hesitated a moment while I paid for the first round, then hurriedly ordered another. All the while he kept up a continuous flow of banter to all and sundry.

"Jasus, it's hot in this kip — Ah, hello there Joe, howareya doinatall — How's the body? I saw John last week, had-a-coupla pints with him, God, he's awful jaded lookin' poor fella — Jasus he's hittin the bottle these days — He does be jarred most of the time now. Honest ta God, I don't know how he sticks it. — The hard man, Pat, how's the world abusin' ya?"

Someone suggested a song.

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"Ah, I'm not in very good voice these days — too much smokin' or something!"

"Come on now, how about *The Old Triangle*."

"Ah, well, maybe a verse or two."

I saw the barmaid give a despairing look at the ceiling, as leaning one elbow on the counter in best bel canto tradition, Behan launched into the familiar opening bars. The room seemed to shudder as his rich Dublin tenor ricocheted off the walls. Everyone was momentarily paralyzed as the opening notes exploded on the company. Each verse ended with the familiar lines, "An' the Auld Triangle went jingle jangle along the banks a' the Royal Canal." As he came to the "jingle," his voice seemed to soar until you felt something must give. The ceiling? The counter, maybe? Brendan, never! After a few verses I detected a crack in his voice on the "jangle," but this I knew from experience was only an artifice, though the pathos increases with each succeeding stanza.

The ballad came to an abrupt end. A moment of stunned silence. Then the buzz of conversation resumed, for no amount of persuasion could move him to further effort.

"Ah, Jasus Christ what do ya think I am — a friggin Caruso, or wha'?"

By now Brendan had five or six bottles arranged in a jagged ring around his right elbow.

"I believe an uncle of yours composed *The Soldier's Song*," I ventured.

"You're right there, son. That he did. Poor auld Carney — he was in a bloody British prison at the time. God be good to him!"

After finishing about four more bottles, a fierce look came into his eyes. The unruly shock of black hair hung down almost into his glass. His husky voice dropped to a confidential shout, and his head bent low as he discussed Plato with a little weed of a man, who looked like an intellectual plumber from Ringsend.

I only interrupted once after that, to be greeted with the advice, "Ah would ya ever go an' jump in the canal!" Looking at the beery, belligerent eyes, I felt tempted to take his advice. But I relented, picked up my glass and moved further along the counter to drown my sorrows.

MAURICE FITZGERALD

Canadian Calendar

● In mid-September the federal government offered to the Canadian public \$325,000,000 in a new issue of bonds and Treasury bills, in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000, \$25,000, \$100,000 and \$1,000,000. The bonds, which pay interest rates from 5½% to 6.61%, are non-callable: the government cannot pay them off before maturity. The Bank of Canada took the remainder of the issue, \$225,000,000; the total of \$550,000,000 was used to refund Government of Canada 3% bonds which matured Oct. 1.

● Following the death on September 7 of Premier Duplessis of Quebec, Paul Sauve, previously minister of youth and social welfare, has become Quebec's new premier, and has called a session of the Quebec legislature for November 18.

● Twenty Ontario high schools are experimenting with a new approach to the teaching of mathematics: all mathematics now taught in five years of high school are to be compressed into four years; in Grade 13 three new courses entirely different from anything previously taught in secondary schools will be introduced. The new approach makes use of the unifying language and symbolism which mathematics has developed in the last fifty years of new theorems and

techniques, and which is being used in the universities today.

● Alan Jarvis has resigned as director of the National Gallery. He has been elected chairman of the Society for Art Publications, a non-profit corporation now publishing *Canadian Art*, and is to head a national campaign to co-ordinate and finance new and existing efforts in this field.

● Oil wells now outnumber grain elevators in Saskatchewan.

● Dr. Douglas, research meteorologist of the Canadian Meteorological Service, who has been studying Alberta hail and possible methods of preventing it, has taken a shipment of Alberta hailstones by air to Dr. List, scientific director of the Swiss Federal Institute of Snow and Avalanche Research, in Davos, Switzerland.

● Transport Minister Hees has warned that this year the Canadian Government does not plan to help ships caught in the St. Lawrence Seaway by the winter freeze. Shipping companies are to be notified well in advance of the date for the closing of the canal, and are expected to plan their schedules accordingly. Agents for overseas vessels have expressed concern that their schedules may, however, be upset by delays in the Welland Canal, due to priorities or breakdowns.

● Canada is a member of the ten-nation committee appointed by the UN Disarmament Commission to begin new talks on arms limitation. The other members of the committee are: United States, U.S.S.R., Britain, France, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Poland and Romania.

● Twelve T-33 jet trainers of the RCAF have been turned over to the Turkish Air Force.

● The chambers of commerce in Val D'or and Bourlamaque, Quebec, have appealed to the provincial government to control rain- and snow-making activities by lumber companies and ski resorts. Residents of the area, which is 219 miles northwest of Ottawa, complain that these activities have increased the annual rainfall by six inches.

● The Conference of Commissioners on Uniformity of Legislation has approved a draft bill entitled *The Blind Persons Sight Restoration Act 1960*. At present, an eye can be taken from a dead person's body only if the deceased has made such a request in a will. This bill would make legal the removal of eyes in cases where a person during his last illness requests, in the presence of two witnesses, that his eyes be used after his death for the purpose of restoring sight to the living. Removal could be authorized by hospital authority or by next of kin.

● The inverted stamp commemorating the St. Lawrence Seaway is the third error in Canadian stamps since Canada's first issue in 1851; all three errors have occurred since 1946.

● The Retail Merchants' Association has been urging the Government to take action against trading stamp activities, and to strengthen sections in both the Criminal Code and the Combines Investigations Act to ensure firmer interpretation of the law.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM
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• The tourist business in Southern Saskatchewan suffered a severe drop this summer because news of the lethal blue-green algae infesting a few of its principal resort lakes frightened people away from the entire region. The low water levels, the lack of fresh-water flow through the lakes (as a result of light snow in winter and scarcity of rain this summer), the high temperatures, and the high winds which stirred up the nutrient material on which the algae grow, made up the combination of factors responsible for the prolific growth of the toxic algae.

The Financial Post

(The seventh of a series on Canadian periodicals)

Elizabeth Trott

► WHILE OTHER PUBLICATIONS have been folding and falling like autumn leaves, the august *Financial Post* has been growing in girth and opulence, and adding special surveys from year to year, like so many encircling fungi. Rumored to be the major money-maker in the Maclean-Hunter organization — that octopus among Canadian publishing houses — and acknowledged even by its cautious editor to be "one of the better money-makers of the organization," *The Financial Post* shows a breadth of interest that makes it unique among financial journals. "I know of no other financial paper quite like it for variety of subject matter," said Ralph Blackmore, financial editor of *The Globe and Mail*.

True, some Canadians may carp at this effort of the *Post's* to be more than just a strictly financial sheet. Variety is the last thing they want in a financial publication. Leave speculation and personality sketches and diverting columns to other fields. The cold bones of finance are all they want to chew over — and the terser the terminology, the better. "*The Financial Post* could do with a little healthy condensation," insisted Devon Smith, financial editor of *The Evening Telegram*. "The entire paper has grown too unwieldy."

But circulation figures suggest that such a view, widely shared or not, has little effect on sales. For within the past decade, circulation has doubled, and now stands at 85,000 — 9,000 outside Canada. Some issues have gone over the 100,000 mark. Copies of *The Financial Post* not only may be seen throughout the two Americas, but in such places as Bangkok and Baghdad, Tel Aviv and Tehran, Vatican City and Warsaw, Belgrade, and even Moscow.

If today's *Post* is regarded as less restricted in outlook than it was even during the immediate postwar years, there are several reasons for this.

"More money," was the editor's cryptic explanation. For to garner news, the *Post* today spares no efforts. Not only does it maintain some 25 "stringers" throughout Canada, but it can afford to and does send more staff members further afield each year. This year, for example, far-ranging *Financial Post* correspondents will include in their travel itinerary such countries as Japan, Australia, the Netherlands, Germany, Italy, Sweden, and the United Kingdom. Their findings will be included in those comprehensive Feature Reports, which have done much to turn the speculative eyes of Canadian business men on distant markets.

But a more important broadening influence has been the *Post's* practice of featuring well-known Canadian writers who have won a reputation in other than financial fields. Indeed, from time to time it has proven a haven of refuge for certain writers, who, for one reason or another, have found themselves ill at ease in other publishing concerns.

For example, when the late B. K. Sandwell, for many decades editor of *Saturday Night*, found himself uneasy in the Consolidated Press organization some time after its acquisition by Jack Kent Cooke, Floyd Chalmers, President of Maclean-Hunter, offered him a regular column in *The Financial Post*. According to those who knew him well, his declining years at the *Post* were the happiest in his life.

Another felicitous move was the somewhat hasty departure of J. B. McGeachy from the corridors of *The Globe and Mail*, to the more capacious halls of *The Financial Post*. Certain admirers of the McGeachy prose style, indeed, date their quickening interest in the journal from the day his column appeared on its pages, and his deft influence became apparent in certain editorials. And if, in their eyes, the paper seems a shade less predictably reactionary, less militantly anti-labor, this, too, they attribute to McGeachy's astute presence on the *Post* staff.

In offering such refuge, of course, the *Post* makes no secret of the fact that its motives are an enlightened selfishness. For it recognizes that prestige gained in this fashion widens circulation in areas that otherwise might be immune to its attractions. "We're not inhibited here by any narrow Edwardian definition of finance," said Floyd Chalmers. "That is why we feel *The Post* should always have writers who are not economists — brilliant minds, who have much to say on a variety of subjects. This country hasn't a sufficient number of periodicals to give such men scope for their very considerable gifts. When they write for us, they write as they please — they do not have to conform to our policies. The result is our gain, needless to say."

When the late Colonel Maclean, president of Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company, founded *The Financial Post* in 1907, he little suspected that he had grafted the healthiest shoot to flourish on that young but lusty organization. Indeed, the future Bible of Canada's fiscal nobility almost started out as a sporting weekly. Stewart Houston first approached Col. Maclean with the idea of a paper to be devoted to the field of sports. While they were planning the format of the new paper, Colonel Maclean remarked that actually there was nothing very permanent in the field of sporting events, and that what the country really needed was an investment paper for the small manufacturer. "Let's turn this into a financial paper," he suggested. Houston agreed, and so *The Financial Post* was born . . . "a weekly newspaper aiming to present to the public in a popular manner accurate information relating to financial interests and legitimate investments of Twentieth-Century Canada." The first issue consisted of eight pages, and sold for \$3.00 per annum or 10 cents per copy. By the 'thirties, it had expanded to 28 pages. Today, it seldom runs less than 60 pages, at a minimum.

"*The Post* will print reliable news in a readable manner," readers of the first issue were assured. "Finance has its romance as well as its dry bones." However, several decades were to pass before those dry bones were to be clothed consistently with the flesh of romantic prose. Shortage of space in the early days placed a curb on colorful writing. Today's correspondents have more scope. Many *Post* writers like to think of their paper as "a perpetual serial of the romance of business."

Among the many factors in the success of *The Financial Post* may have been the dullness of the financial pages of the daily newspapers. By contrast, the *Post* shows considerable verve. One may glance at random through recent files and encounter titles such as this — "Toupee and Tummy: Male Beauty Boom." (Over 100,000 Canadian males wear some sort of hair piece!). Admirers of the more flamboyant aspects of the *Post's* statistical research are confident that

an article on the Call Girl Racket, if not due to appear any day now, at least must have been considered quite carefully before being set aside.

This does not mean, however, that there are not volumes of dead dull prose turned out constantly in *Post* pages. The *Post* Travel Bureau, for example, frequently sounds like the condensation of some particularly inept brochure. But the tone of the paper always has been one of ebullient optimism. "Canada Is Growing Faster Than Any Other Country On The Globe" — this headline comes from the first issue of January 12th, 1907, but it has been echoed many times since. It is in the annual surveys of about twenty major industries that the sustained ebullience occasionally becomes unbearable. This is why such supplements are likely to be read avidly only by those with a direct interest in those industries.

Today, *The Financial Post* has no real Canadian rival; it towers above all its competitors. Some of its traditional rivals, such as *The Monetary Times* (which antedates it by some 40 years) deserted the weekly field entirely; others, like *The Financial Times* of Montreal, are content to base their appeal on their more controversial and opinionated character. Yet as late as 1925, *The Financial Times* and the *Post* were neck and neck in terms of circulation and in volume of advertising. Then the *Post* began gaining ground steadily and so surely, that today it can boast that it carries more advertising line than any other weekly publication in North America (and not just financial ones). Thus it carries more advertising than *Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Business Week*, and the *New York Times Magazine*.

Post executives also are proud of the fact that its acceptance in this country is much greater than that of its counterparts in other lands. According to their own indefatigable statistical department, one Canadian out of every 230 gets *The Financial Post*, but only one out of every 420 Americans gets the *Wall Street Journal*, and only one out of every 600 gets *Business Week*.

Nevertheless, a recurrent nightmare of the present *Post* executive, according to popular report, is the rumor that the *Wall Street Journal* might decide to establish a Canadian edition, which would offer the *Post* stiffer competition than any it has had to meet heretofore. Such rumors have been heard from time to time, and may or may not have had some basis in intention, but if they disturbed the *Post's* imperishable editor, he gave no sign.

Some business men state there is more significant news on a national basis to be found in *The Financial Post* than in the daily press. Non-partisan politically (insofar as it is neither Liberal nor Progressive Conservative), national in scope (if one overlooks the lack of a French edition, the absence of French-Canadian commentators), for all its limitations, the *Post* does answer certain needs which the financial sections of the daily press have been unwilling or incapable of meeting.

In a manifesto published on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary in January, 1957, it was stated, "The *Post* takes it as a responsibility to cover not just the financial news, but just about everything that an intelligent and responsible citizen with concern for the welfare of his family, his community and his country will be interested in being well informed about." (A sentence, incidentally, which throws some doubt on the extravagant claim of one staff member that students in Honor English at the University of Toronto were encouraged to study the McEachern prose style — so much for esprit de corps!).

A tall order! In interpreting that aim, naturally, the *Post* executive has taken careful account of its audience.

Strictly a white collar publication, *The Financial Post* finds its readers among men in business, the professions, and government. With characteristic omniscience, *Post* executives boldly claim that nearly 80 per cent of their readers are in business, and more than 8 out of every 10 of these are management men. (They do not state that if management men do not read the *Post*, they have no business being where they are, but the implication is clear). However, much as the *Post* is given to sweeping statistical statements, fancy must draw a line somewhere. Therefore, they are careful not to claim that their audience consists almost entirely of persons who pay tax on incomes of \$10,000 and over. They merely point out, somewhat wistfully, that the present number of *Post* subscribers is just about the same as the number of Canadians who do pay tax on such incomes.

The paper has had its share of libel suits, although no libel action has ever come to trial. In the days of the peppery Colonel Maclean, perhaps it had a tendency to strike a more contentious note. Certainly, in the early days, it fought very strongly against Sir Adam Beck, whom Floyd Chalmers characterized recently as "a promotionally-minded political firebrand, who nearly ruined the province with his plan for electric railways." "Fortunately," he added, "We were able to convince the former government under Drury that this would bankrupt the province. We were very unpopular in certain quarters after that, as a result . . . , as you can imagine."

The paper also made plenty of enemies among promotionally-minded stock brokers, thanks to its campaign against bucketting operations on the old Standard Stock and Mining Exchange. In the early 'thirties, the government moved in, and what is now the Ontario Securities Commission was set up and George Drew, then Securities Commissioner for Ontario, acted as marriage broker for the wedding of the Mining Exchange and the Toronto Stock Exchange. The *Post* is not reluctant to regard itself as having had a good influence in such a development.

Probably the most spectacular attack ever suffered by the paper came from the dyspeptic Hon. C. D. Howe. That incident still rankles in executive memory. "Before the war, when it became apparent that there was going to be a war, it became apparent to us that the system of handing out contracts for defense materials was wrong, and *The Financial Post* embarked on a series of studies," recalled Mr. Chalmers. "These articles showed how contracts were handled, and pointed up the whole weakness of defense contracts in this country. In 1940, when the war was at its very worst, one of the opposition members quoted *The Financial Post* on this subject. This annoyed the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, who stood up and said '*The Financial Post* is and has been since the beginning of the war the Number One Saboteur in Canada'."

For a time, after that, the outraged publisher cut the politician dead, every time they chanced to meet. However, since that time *The Financial Post* and the ex-Minister have worked together on a great many stories.

"Every government thinks *The Financial Post* is against them," said Floyd Chalmers. "The late R. B. Bennett at one time threatened to put me in the tower for publishing material prejudicial to the state." In the midst of the depression, he had been to New York to sell bonds. Investment dealers there had told him that there was not a very good market for Canadian bonds, until the railway situation improved. This was published by the *Post's* Ottawa correspondent, Grant Dexter.

Mr. Chalmers (then editor of the *Post*) was told by Hugh Guthrie, "The Prime Minister has taken cognizance of your article; he has consulted with law officers of the Crown,

and has commanded your presence in Ottawa. This article of yours must be retracted, and a retraction published." Fortunately when he arrived in Ottawa, the Prime Minister was ill in bed with a temperature of 103 and could not see him. So, instead of having a fiery interview with Mr. Bennett, Mr. Chalmers sat across from the desk of the Minister of Justice and listened to an eight-page foolscap document, that had been prepared by the Prime Minister, and that quoted precedents going back over two hundred years to prove that the Government had the right to put a journalist in the Tower until in some mysterious way he had purged himself of his guilt. When Mr. Chalmers declined to publish a retraction, Mr. Guthrie got the Prime Minister on the telephone and a strange conversation ensued. At one end of the line was Mr. Bennett and his doctor, who was trying to restrain him from carrying on a conversation which was disturbing his rest. At the other was the Minister of Justice and the editor of *The Financial Post*. The document itself was never handed to Mr. Chalmers and he hopes that one day it will turn up in the National Archives where he may examine it in detail.

The Financial Post has scooped the daily press on numerous occasions. One of the more sensational occasions had to do with the National Film Board — an organization that was turning out fine creative work, but with which, perhaps, the *Post* had limited sympathy. At any rate, it was the *Post* which leaked information about the refusal of the Department of National Defense to entrust National Film Board personnel with secret work for security reasons.

At the time, Prime Minister St. Laurent said, "In the story the Honorable Member received from *The Financial Post* you have an example of the fact that there is a leakage. It was not intended to publish this, and I do not think it is in the public interest that it should be published and discussed here. It is something that we would have preferred not to see published, but it has leaked out."

This of course gave the *Post* an admirable opportunity to lecture the Government, and assume the role of champion of freedom of the press. Kenneth Wilson wrote at the time: "The implications of this statement are very serious in a free democracy. The *Post* revealed a situation of importance in government affairs. Those are public affairs. It is the right of every Canadian to know about them and the duty of the press to report them. The suggestion that the press should report only that which is agreeable to and approved by the government of the day is intolerable in a free country."

This incident underlines the conviction of the editor that *The Financial Post*, by its very nature, tends to be against whatever government happens to be in office. "I feel that it is part of our function to point out government failings," he said. However, since the Liberals were in office so long, and since their conviction that *Post* attacks were of Progressive-Conservative inspiration was so intense (on the part of certain members), it will require many strenuous criticisms of the Diefenbaker regime to convince such members that the *Post* is truly non-partisan politically.

Two men have played a major role in the development of *The Financial Post*. The first was Floyd Chalmers, who joined the magazine in 1919 and edited it for 17 of his 23 years on its staff. When he left to become executive vice-president of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company in 1942, he was succeeded by Ronald A. McEachern, who had joined the *Post* in 1937, after a period as feature writer for the *Toronto Star* financial section. "Ron McEachern has been responsible for the recent expansion, but the basis, the foundation was laid by Floyd Chalmers," said a former *Post* employee.

It would be difficult to find two men who appeared out-

wardly so different — to the unperceptive observer. Where Floyd Chalmers is enormously articulate, with a buccaneering zest and occasional high impatience, the present editor of *The Financial Post* is taciturn, calculating, cold-eyed. One of those enigmatic persons whom few men can view with the same unemotional manner that he himself turns upon the world, he either is admired fervently, or as fervently castigated.

Members of his staff will testify to acts of great generosity and thoughtfulness on his part, indicating a paternal spirit of no mean order. At the same time, they may recall moments of chilling rebuke, of public humiliation, of stinging criticism — incidents that tend to stifle any undue rapport between editor and writer.

Perhaps to counteract this impression, a romantic legend has been built up around McEachern — encouraged by no less a person than the president himself. Newcomers soon learn from initiates that the man in the iron mask was a Ph.D. at 26 — and has an abiding passion for music (at the age of fifty or so he still takes organ lessons, and thunders out Bach from one of the finest church organs in Toronto). A son of the Presbyterian manse, he grew up in a literary atmosphere. It is rumored that once, in Moscow and Lenin-grad, he took in eight consecutive nights of opera or ballet, and once, in Japan, "he lay and mused on a massage table, while a nimble Japanese girl ran up and down his spine in her bare feet."

In Germany in 1932, he met Adolf Hitler, became involved in a beer hall riot, and was arrested on suspicion of murder. Shortly after the beginning of World War II, he travelled widely in South America, reporting on the activities of German espionage agents, who then operated almost openly, with links in the then-neutral U.S.A. This series of articles drew a wide audience, as did his post-war reports on Holland, Germany, Austria, Japan, and the Soviet Union in subsequent years.

A very earnest and eloquent after-dinner speaker, the *Post* editor frequently reminds his audiences that the peaceful revolution they have witnessed in business in the past quarter century has brought about more profound changes than the French Revolution. The need for incentives concerns him deeply. Describing himself as positively anti-socialist, he reminds his listeners that this is a share the wealth age — that unless men of vision can see reward in tackling new enterprises, there's likely to be a greater concentration of business, less competition, and fewer jobs.

And thus *The Financial Post* stresses the message — "To be in step with the social needs of the times is the price of business survival."

The European Coal and Steel Industry

Patricia van der Esch

► THE IDEA OF EUROPEAN UNITY is very old, at least as old as Montesquieu and Saint-Simon, but its practise is very new. The differences of opinion that now exist concern only the method, and not the principle, of European integration. Has Europe reached the point in her history where a supranational organization such as the Coal and Steel Community, which curtails the sovereignty of its member states in certain fields, may exist and govern, or is it only possible to begin to unify Europe through intergovernmental agencies such as the Common Market and Euratom? The

coal crisis in Europe this year is an illustration of this fundamental problem.

Coal, steel, iron ore, and scrap were freed from the narrow scope of national economic policies in 1953. The Assembly of the Coal and Steel Community which meets in Strasbourg, consists of members of parliament from Germany, France, Italy, and Benelux. It was reconstituted at the birth of the European Community in January, 1958, into the 142-member European Assembly to which all three organizations are responsible—the Common Market and Euratom in Brussels, and the Coal and Steel Community which maintains its headquarters in Luxembourg. (This Assembly should not be confused with the Council of Europe which groups fifteen European nations). The Court of Justice of the Coal and Steel Community acts for all three organizations.

The High Authority, which consists of nine members, is the executive body of the Coal and Steel Community. Eight members are appointed by the six governments and the ninth is then co-opted by the eight. It is responsible for maintaining conditions under which a common market may flourish: the free movement of capital, goods and labor, and non-discrimination in inter-Community trade. It reaches decisions by a simple majority vote. Article 9 of the Treaty states that the members exercise their authority without "soliciting or accepting instructions from any Government or organization. They will abstain from any act which is incompatible with the supranational character of their functions."

There is no longer any doubt that the Coal and Steel Community has been an experiment in international cooperation which has been successful in spite of the difficulties it has encountered this year in dealing with the coal crisis. In the past seven years, steel production has increased by 38 per cent from 42 to 58 million metric tons. Trade between the six countries in iron and steel increased by 171 per cent and scrap trade has tripled. Crude iron ore production rose by 34 per cent. The High Authority has invested 350 million U.E.P. dollars in coal and steel and 6 million dollars for research. Prices have been kept relatively stable when compared with U.S. prices, while monopoly practices have been attacked by forcing publication of price lists and by an attempt to disband the uniform selling system which is used by the Ruhr cartels. Since February, 1958, subventions have been paid to workers for readaption in six Belgian coal mines, three coal mines and two steel mills in France, one coal mine and four steel mills in Italy. In addition, 38,000 workers' houses have been built at a cost of 60 million dollars.

Coal production since 1952 increased by only 3 per cent, as Europe has enough coal to supply her needs except in an abnormally cold winter such as 1956. The big problem of the past year has, in fact, been the surplus of coal. Over-production was the result of a number of factors: a slight decline in industrial activity since 1957, the increased use of oil as a source of fuel, continued imports of coal from the United States which began in the cold winter, and, lastly, two exceptionally mild winters.

The High Authority was well aware of the situation that was in the making and for a year it used its indirect powers to stem the production of coal. However, the classic means of indirect interference in the economies of the six countries were not sufficient. In order to take more decisive action, the High Authority resorted to Article 58 of the Treaty which gives it power to set production quotas, and to Article 74 empowering it to limit imports.

The plan to combat the crisis was as follows: (1) a cut in imports of coal, (2) the regulation of production by fixing quotas for different mines, (3) the freezing of pithead stocks at their current level of 26½ million tons because unloading of stock could destroy the effect of limiting imports and

production, and (4) the maintenance of miners' income to prevent the drift of miners away from the pits and to keep a labor force large enough to permit the level of coal output required in a period of normal economic activity.

However, the High Authority cannot act in such important matters without the consent of the Council of the six Ministers of Economics of the member states. The Council has to give an absolute majority against the High Authority, including the vote of one of the states which produces at least 20 per cent of the total value of the coal and steel production of the Community, i.e. France or Germany. The High Authority must also submit its plans to a Consultative Committee whose 50-odd members consist of equal numbers of producers', workers', consumers' and dealers' representatives. In March of this year the Consultative Committee rejected the High Authority's plan by 38 to 7 votes with 5 abstentions.

The proposals came before the Council of Ministers in May. The French and German Ministers argued that the crisis was only in Belgium and did not affect the other countries. The French Minister asked that if strikes broke out in the coal mines of Normandy, would the High Authority have the security forces necessary to maintain order? The answer is that France, as a signatory of the Treaty, should be willing to use her own security forces to maintain order and carry out the directives of the High Authority. Those people who oppose the principle of supranationality argue that it is not yet possible to expect a sovereign nation state to take such action. France and Germany voted against the proposals as interfering too much in their own economies. Italy voted against them because they were not far-reaching enough, while the three Benelux countries supported the High Authority.

The Council of Ministers did agree unanimously with the proposal of the High Authority to give interim aid to the Belgian miners. Two million dollars were paid to the unemployed miners in April and May alone because it is less costly to maintain the labor force than to recruit and train new miners. In 1958 the Community lost 40,000 workers (22,000 in Germany and 12,000 in Belgium) and since the beginning of the year the Belgian mines have lost 400 men per week. Once these men are absorbed in other industries they do not easily return to the mines.

Action on the lines set forth in the proposals of the High Authority is absolutely necessary in order to solve the crisis of overproduction in the European coal industry. There is no disagreement here. The question is: *who* is to do the planning? Is it to be the producers themselves, directors of coal mines and steel mills represented in the Consultative Committee, or the six governments represented by the Council of Ministers, or the Coal and Steel Community itself?

The refusal of the Consultative Committee and the Council to support the High Authority in the present crisis indicates that there is a conflict of interest on this point of control, and while the conflict remains the High Authority cannot exercise its function as a truly supranational organization. There are now plans amongst those who oppose more and more openly the power of the High Authority to enlarge its competence to the whole field of energy in Europe while at the same time decreasing its powers by removing the supranational aspects of the Treaty.

The pessimists and those opposed in practise, if not in theory, to European unity have written that this rebuff to the High Authority marks the end of its power and the beginning of decline. Although it is true that for the moment the boom years of coal and steel have passed and the coal industry in particular has been affected adversely in the last two years by a slump on the market, the complete record of the Com-

munity is one of achievement and success. The range of cooperation between the coal and steel industries of the member countries is being extended and strengthened every day through the efforts of the Community. An economic organization cannot be judged only at moments of a relapse on the market. It is to be expected that national and big business interests will hamper the decisions of such a supranational organization. It is at this point that Europe's fight against nationalism goes on.

The main political opposition to the supranational aspect of the Coal and Steel Community comes from the Gaullist U.N.R. party in France. There is little doubt that modifications will be made in the Treaty in the near future and the supranational character of the Community may well be watered down until it becomes an intergovernmental agency such as the Common Market or Euratom. If the consensus of opinion among the six member governments is that the Coal and Steel Community is unable to govern, and the handling of the coal crisis will be the main case in point, then the first stage of European unity will be left to intergovernmental agencies for many years to come.

Film Review

► OTTO PREMINGER'S SEARCH for the right blend of earnestness and sensation has finally produced a curiously entertaining and thought-provoking film, *Anatomy of a Murder*. It has all the ingredients of the current mode of "realism,"—based upon an actual story which has been resynthesized into a best-seller, authentic locale, characters who mutter to themselves in language decorated with profanity, and the introduction of morbid details calculated to shock the audience into attention at suitable interludes. The film consists almost entirely of one of the most fascinating types of dramatic spectacles, a court-room trial. A game of wits hung upon a crime of passion. But was it a crime of passion? The only thing certain about this case is that a man was shot. The rest is speculation; whether or not the due process of law served the ends of justice is as inconclusive as the imponderables of human personality and character.

There are many superficial excellences in Preminger's film. The acting is persuasive and professionally outstanding. James Stewart is at his best as the country lawyer who just happens to be able to play piano like Duke Ellington. Lee Remick cannot be faulted as a girl so permissive she encourages her dog to drink beer. Ben Gazzara's evil mask speaks for itself. The faces of the remainder of the cast are a study as well, aptly chosen to reflect the glacial bleakness of the northern scene, a sort of transplanted little Canada, full of tokens of our rough and ready petit bourgeois culture.

Something is always out of joint in a Preminger picture and it is usually the music. Ellington's score for this one is the culprit again, although its growling erotic theme so at variance with the hunting, fishing and northern pines, constantly irritates the viewer into awareness that there must be something rotten in the state of Michigan.

On the surface *Anatomy of a Murder* is a professional entertainment, a mystery well-compounded. It is also simply loaded with implications reflecting current public moods and attitudes. Nothing so immediately and intensely catches the unconscious assumptions of contemporary life as a commercial Hollywood movie—a tuning fork reverberating to the tone of our culture. This is particularly apt in this instance when so much of the texture of common law is

examined as well. Contrast how such a case might be treated in a French court where an acquittal would be possible on the degree of irrational passion established even though the defendant be found guilty. Such a difference in law stems from two highly different cultural patterns and basic premises about personality. The French analogy is piquant here in view of the number of displaced French-Canadians involved in the story. They are subtly stratified according to their degree of assimilation down to the anglicizing of their names, and it really is a coup that the rather obtuse first lawyer for the prosecution should look so much like one of Louis St. Laurent's sons. As for Mr. Danser, the wily prosecutor from the big city with the eighteenth century face complete with short curled upper lip, he is a certain type of young ambitious French-Canadian to the life.

The clash between illusion and reality which permeates this film is very European, basically this is not an American preoccupation in art. Each eye witness has perceived the reality of the crime through an obscuring cloud of his own illusions and selected the details which seemed most important at that moment to the ever changing flow of his own personality. As a result, it is very difficult to determine at what point justice should, or could, be fixed and even more difficult to establish the nature of crime and what makes up a criminal act.

Then too, the film contrasts the conflict in life between the reflectors and the doers. In this case the introverted musers are those who bear the white man's burden of social responsibility for which they get little return, while the doers are beholden to nobody and get away with it too. But whether thinkers or activists, they're both caught in the game of illusion and pretense, of acting out a role. Acting a role is the cardinal rule of getting along in modern society. You're not a good guy unless you muster enough pretense to smile and conform to the stereotype expected from your position in life.

Thus it is impossible to decide the motive of the murderer who shot his wife's attacker. Was it some form of instinctive rage? Did he go through with it to satisfy the pattern of behaviour expected from him by his buddies in the army? Or is his story a cool tissue of lies cleverly constructed to fit preconceived ideas? If he was a cold-blooded murderer and managed to fool the court, was there really a miscarriage of justice? Everyone involved in his trial is fooling everyone else in a false game of pretense. The accused was playing for the highest stakes and he won. Therefore, in a paradoxical sense, justice is done.

Even the sincere defenders of law and order are not ashamed to blatantly dramatize their sincere defense of law and order. In this sense Joseph Welch's much praised performance as the judge is a little disturbing. He seems so much at home amidst these primitive exhibitions of acting designed to win the jury, and very familiar with the notion of how to play the role of the genial equable rationalist with sufficient foibles and coyness to make him lovable and human.

Anatomy of a Murder also illustrates our national conflict between money and principle. For once the honourable professional man is shown to have a mundane interest in being paid in advance, a note of grey authenticity in sharp contrast to the customary moral blacks and whites of Hollywood. This is underlined when Stewart, as the attorney, is accused of being "too pure for the natural impurities of the law." That "natural" is one of the most astounding suggestions in the film. Such assumptions, far from being dangerous symptoms of decadence, reach back to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. They assume the perfectibility

of human nature and human institutions and the pragmatic growth of law based upon experience. This is in contrast to the basic assumptions underlying many so-called "liberal" movies. They seek the protection of present perfections and dogmatize from a static constitutional point of view which seeks a bill of rights to cover all contingencies in the present.

The attorney played by James Stewart, Paul Biegler, is essentially the innocent country boy making his way in the big nasty world, a popular American myth since Ben Franklin went to Versailles. This, of course, is Stewart's trade mark as an actor, established in the thirties when he made *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. In those youthful days of the depression, his innocent was a believer in utopia whose faith in the innate good nature of people could not be shaken by evidence of the most callous self-seeking. Mr. Smith was Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee reincarnated as a New Deal Yankee at the Congress of the United States. Confident of his moral righteousness, he jousts in a spirit of hearty insensitivity with the unethical plutocrats. What's more, when he ran for Congress he won, and the film ended with his oration wildly cheered by those who responded to his appeal to their better instincts. Integrity and virtue won the day, and the girl. . . .

A quarter of a century later Mr. Smith is observed in his rural retreat, a tired, tweedy, and tipsy country lawyer. He has withdrawn from the modern world to the extent of using his refrigerator as cold storage for his beer and a monumental pile of fish. Such a lack of proper reverence for machines indicates the genuine reactionary. The last couple of decades have aged him and wearied his soul. He is not a cynic, he is still the innocent, but he has seen everything and there is nothing about human nature that could surprise him. In his state of detached euphoria, he leans on booze and finds his only companionship in an alcoholic older man, a reflection of himself, who shares his love for jurisprudence. It is significant that he has no girl friend, though he has obviously not atrophied. Our hero has no illusions about the present perfection of society and is willing to take part in the law game on its own equivocal terms. No crusades for him.

This retreat from the forum of political affairs to the honest homespun life of hunting, fishing and books is an old American dream as well as the prevalent tone of apathy in our era. It is compounded of a mixture of eighteenth-century Rousseauian egalitarianism and nostalgia for the self-governing colonial squirearchy. It represents a grasping for that old conviction that the simple life equals the simple (i.e. honest) man and responsible citizen, the backbone of American democracy.

No longer the naive idealist seeking to change government or set right injustices, Biegler is even prepared to juggle rules for his client. His moral satisfactions are derived from the process and manipulation of law rather than the ends served. Most significantly it is no longer of paramount importance to him whether his client be innocent or guilty. He, and we, will never know.

In short, he is another disenchanted conservative, a type of Arthur Winner, continuing to serve society in a responsible role because of an ingrained sense of position and duty. He is the bwana lord maintaining civilization in a new society of irresponsible beatniks. The implication, as in Cozzens, is that the old Protestant stock is superior even if it appears to have gone to seed. This is underscored by the apparent Catholicism of the milieu. But this lawyer has lost the hardrock dignity which James Gould Cozzens bestowed upon Arthur Winner. He defends a client he dislikes who has no respect for him or the law, and he can even parody himself as an old-fashioned "cornball" attorney. He wins,

but only by a trick of timing, not because he defends the right.

If Paul Biegler is the idealist of the thirties gone to pasture, Manion, the soldier-defendant, and his latently promiscuous wife are the generation of war babies who will inherit the sixties. Rootless, irresponsible, amoral—a sort of poor white trash on wheels. Gypsies living on the government subsidy of army pay. They are supremely complacent that their wants will be instantly met, and if not legally that they will always come out ahead of the game. They have never been touched by the feeling of guilt, are outside of original sin, and can understand punishment only as an interplay of sadism and violence. How subtly the relationship between the pair is shown during the trial! Her combined fear and desire of his brutality, her satisfaction derived from his eruption into violence; his hypocritical sadism, his queasy uncertainty and need to be made to suffer by a woman. When their game is almost exposed during the trial, they rush into each other's arms in mutual recognition of their need to continue tormenting one another. Rape would obviously trigger him into murder because he is also made of the stuff of rapists; she equally obviously desires to be a rapist's victim. The "crime" is almost a classic instance of a criminal act performed to release an overwhelming subconscious tension.

It is no accident that rape is the centre of the legal and social whirlpool depicted in this film. The incidence of rape has become staggeringly frequent in Hollywood movies during the past few years since the Hays Office Code has been successfully flouted. The preoccupation with rape is an indication of an extraordinarily puerile mentality. Moreover, and more unfortunately, the entire pattern of instant gratification without emotional commitment or later remorse typified in this behaviour is criminally psychopathic. The defendant Manion is far more clearly the type of "rebel without a cause" delineated in Robert Lindner's book than was James Dean in the movie of that name. The other facet of this level of emotional development is also woven through films these days, particularly the action films and westerns, where implied homosexual relationships abound in the interims when women aren't being raped or abused. But that is another story.

What sort of woman grows up in this world of infantile males? Lee Remick artfully delineates the disturbing portrait. A similarly infantile frigid coquette, a variation of Lolita in tight slacks. This girl would wear those androgynous pants to dance with the Prince Philip. She is prepared to be an object giving nothing since she is aware that she is only valued as an object. She can't help flirting with mature forceful males who browbeat her, always living in hope of being taken in hand by the man who will treat her as a woman rather than a child.

Well, it's a great bombing age we live in. Her psycho husband shoots the guy who crosses him and gets away with it. He is too dumb for the job, but still one wonders—which general is he now? And which of his general pals is she sleeping with these days?

JOAN FOX

Correspondence

The Editor:

How excellent! To have a critic really coming down to brass tacks about the obvious — even to the editors — flaws in the "historical" and "impressionist" approach of the magazine *Canadian Art* to the art activities of this snowbound nation. But I wish Miriam Waddington could have been a little more accurate in some of the historical

details in her otherwise fine study of the magazine of which I happen to be co-editor. She labels me "an Ottawa filmmaker". Alas, I have never made a film, although I once was the exhibition and graphics director for the National Film Board, later organized the National Industrial Design Council and more recently have been Associate Director of the National Gallery of Canada. She says the Canada Council gave *Canadian Art* a grant of \$530,000; we actually received \$30,000 over three years! If she'd read our Art Forum section as carefully as she said she had, she should have noticed we corrected this unfortunate misprint in the number after it appeared. I'm delighted, however, that she calmly assumes we could have received half-a-million dollars from the Canada Council. Frankly, there is no such big money for individual subsidies in Canada, as the annual near-to-the-abyss financing of *Canadian Art* proves, at least to its harassed editors. We have the whole of the Canadian public, mildly, fully or biasedly interested in art, to serve and we have tried, being the only English-language magazine in the field, to give each group some stimulating content in each issue. That is why we are so eclectic. But we are still existing after twenty years of hard-sledding. She says the actual publishers, if the secret was let out, would be a surprise. Well, the present Board of Directors of the Society for Art Publications is Robert Ayre, Alan Jarvis and myself. If she'd only asked us we should have told her. A few other active members represent the art-loving public. Yet, otherwise she did a good job in analyzing our virtues and defects. So thank you.

Donald Buchanan
(Secretary,
Society for Art Publications,
Ottawa.)

Miriam Waddington Replies:

I apologize for my two errors. I looked at every single issue of Canadian Art Magazine before I wrote my article, but I did not read every word in every issue, and so missed the correction to the error which stated the Canada Council grant was \$530,000 instead of \$30,000 over a three year period. I guess I was naive enough to believe the government might give half a million dollars to an art publishing venture, and I certainly am convinced enough of the importance of art to believe that the government ought to spend this kind of money on it.

Perhaps also, I should have been more generous and accurate in acknowledging Mr. Buchanan's achievements. I believe he is the author of several books and that he has edited others. My ignorance of his titles and positions is partly due to the scanty information available in Canadian Art Magazine.

I am pleased and surprised to learn the names of the Board of Directors of the Society for Art Publications. I strongly disagree with Mr. Buchanan's suggestion that I should have found this out by asking. Such information is public and should be universally available — not privately searched out. Suppose that 500 years from now an archaeologist digs up the relics of a series of the Canadian Art Magazine. Surely he would question, as he pondered this key to our primitive culture, how such a publication was financed and administered? And whom would there be to ask?

I also sense a certain displeasure between the lines of Mr. Buchanan's letter. He is irritated that I pointed out the obvious faults of the magazine — which, he says, the editors already know about. The point of my criticism (and the hope in it), is that knowing is meaningless unless it leads to action.

Mr. Buchanan, understandably, also reacted to the negative tone of my article. I admit my discontent with Canadian Art as it is. I also appreciate how frustrating it is to put your best efforts into a project and then have someone point out, not where it succeeds, but where it fails. But I believe that Canadian Art has looked after pointing out its own successes very adequately. That's why I mentioned the dangers inherent in its public relations and promotional aspects. The whole essence of a critic's job is to bring to light the *other* side — the side no one wants to see — and in this situation the issue that the editors haven't resolved in all these years is the one of trying to reconcile too many diversified interests and attitudes. You end up, not with a magazine, but with an anthology.

The Editor: Another Canadian literary magazine is to be heartily welcomed, but the event need not be heralded by pouring contempt on some of those already in existence ("A Canadian Literary Review," *The Canadian Forum*, September, 1959, p. 125).

The name for *The Fiddlehead* was chosen because of the close association of that plant with the St. John River Valley and because the Malecite Indians, who inhabited that region of the country long before the coming of the European settlers, regarded it as symbolic of the sun, source of creative energy.

The following poem, written by Donald Gammon and entitled "The Fiddlehead," will convey something of what the founders of the magazine had in mind when they chose the name:

Fusing earth and rain
Unfolding scroll of green
Symbol of the sun
You are the brain of harmony.

Tender fingers stretch
And midget leaves unfold
Subtle dream of Truth
You are a many-fingered thought.

Yours sincerely,

A. Robert Rogers

From the Chin P'ing Mei

Fifty men at arms with bows and lances
From the River Prefect. From the District Yamen
Twenty more. Two hundred from General Chang.
The boom of drums, the clang of gongs—
She would have been frightened, my little one,
If she were alive and her palanquin,
Passing through the South Gate at noonday,
Had encountered the funeral procession
Of a dead lady—she would have wept.

Now while I am writing at my desk—
The day's business—she does not come
And sit quietly until I finish.
She did not walk to the gate with me
This morning, and stand there watching;
She has gone through the gate herself,
And I accompanied her part of the way—
Now I must busy myself with accounts.
When I finish I shall be an old man.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Three Poems

Kenneth McRobbie

AFTER ZHIVAGO

And this is communication Pasternak, never to have met at
all

to cry out in the tower room of twelve brilliant
electric bulbs to the tidal dark streets
one man's mind enclosing them
and that RUSSIA there on the same lit planet
compressed in your forms of words, my brown box of radio
jumping alive responds with me in its own penetrable
loneliness

Then contact in the silence at this remove through pheno-
mena
spanning blue engraved longitudes. I switch off the light
to read your storm of snow reaching at the yellow
skyscraper over the Pole. It is all around me
a great snow field torn to pieces in mid-air
and shining over it the half-moon of your study window
pushed south to Moscow by the bulging stove where you
ride out
that climactic chance storm of paper in the high weather of
creation.

Suddenly close to you in the still moment of loss, afterwards
less than life, alien the work finished—but all we can take
for our own, an aggregate Russia. And in the little
we can know of its making, closest to you
in that gentle piety watching out the years stalled in
snow-drifted steamtrain fortresses on Siberian Plains
where you sat at rubbish fires, gilt and red velvet
fragile chairs chopped, paste seething on the posters
crackling under heaped fresh debris your leather jacket
keeping in just enough warmth, jaws shut fast on life
not one flame for relief, so many for destruction.
The warmthless shadows of forty years flickered
on the rising backcloth of forest, the whole play
jotted down as morning whitens the red fading scorched
pages
your thoughts terrible encountering what you had made of
it at last.

Now the pencil can fall. You rise from the night of survival
in grazing cities to the soft lowing of machines.

The bills of morning take up the song above your head
grown into its long-resting place stone pillow
—sun on them both now, silver and new grass
in your raw hair. The winds have dropped.

It was your Russia! Russia! The light rising
its hidden spring water cleansing the ice-rotted Steppe
a clean tooth in the mouth after all crunching green fruit
trees throwing up white wood
through fresh leaves the incense of holy cursing.

Yet those great wars of ferrous metallurgy: remem-
bering
banners dried black in the gloves, for which a saffron
skin
in the smoking Urals trembles on the surface of iron ever
after
you say Remember, Understand—to watch for so long, it
was not easy.

Forty years, but alive! Spying new starmarks in the timid
crowds
an old man's patience for the immortal children coming
hard sunshine splinters at your shadowed mouth. Night
has left you just the one defiant pose you can trust
—struck full face at me out of the page,
time has not been able to come between the two of us
together greeting necessity where you had watched so
long.

Suddenly we know though not easy, it must come easier
now that we are seized with hysterical laughter
at our theatrical weapons: amazed as white blurs
of faces move, peering from steel visors
grinding open in armouries into twisted smiles,
at trickles of warm piss down the fidgeting legs of mail
as strange commands bark out nothing but dances
what long grass by the parade ground not shaking
with passionate recruits. To read off the daylight bearings
only full face will do, that neither of us desert these now.

A black hand over your enflamed eyes, melting their two
clear circles on the frost-blind panes where you watched
black powder explode on the white lips of authority
draining off streets, skyline and topsoils of wind
as the vision accumulates within you, outlasting the
imprint

in ice of your face frozen on the blind window
spring rains washing it away indoors after a fair time
soft water pulling at the brows and mouth
yet content to have it so—your work finished at last.
It has been a cruel cleansing, but things have survived that
season.

You took me through the other rooms men make out of
geography
in the new wing your notes and memories blowing open
on the spring-lighted sills, and outside in laughter
Russians letting their mouths fill up with snow—
with snow!

In the girl LARA the whole vision, in whom all reconciled
nowhere suffering the dark print of a man's hand
on one primeval white breast in the long story
husband, lover—they only mattered in their great
love

for her living on after them, and in her children
springing from her loins on their graves out of black-
ness
sunflowers whirling out of the black earth of yellow
Crimea.

Yes, you have revealed her to me as if she were again
virgin
and we look at each other still, in all the time we give the
world.

CARYATIDS

Water tears across faces
on the iron drinking fountains
as barking of dogs fades along
routes of the park's October men.
Trains shunt far across the grass
and the main line smoulders
nearer the mouth's rigor mortis.
They see the thing over there—Time—pass.

The disaster of damp flays the caryatids,
whose faces peel into the breathing plants.

Lips and brows are crumbling
upon those classic simulcra almost
indistinguishable from winter strollers,
the skeleton decoratively
suggested at sunset in the hanged gates
or a shattered tennis party awaiting
the ball tossed from shadows by a stranger.

And over there two virtuosos
frozen in the bandstand
marooned on the noisy grass
lips turned to stone on a thigh
suddenly in the lashing headlights.
Lost races sent them also with the walkers
once too often round the Memorial
where wind saturates the faces,
and statues are sweating it out
under the trees like men.

THE WORLD OF CHIRICO, AFTER ANDRE BRETON

We cannot tell the hour, for these
elongated shadows across the square are not those
of sundials;
beneath the arches of colonnades they are mystery.
Against the horizon's infinity a train moves
towards Nowhere, releasing phantom plumes of smoke.

Beyond the mobile equestrian statue
which has stood at the edge of the square for so long
that one has forgotten whom it commemorates,
the sea lies waiting for the hour when it shall rise
to overwhelm this dead and empty city.
Roman soldiers wander
and terrific horses gallop over the sands.

We enter the colonnade and find our way into
a white-washed room.
Here there are plaster casts of heads of a type of
beauty
now extinct, there are gloves, T-squares, laths
picture-frames, handles of violins
biscuits and strangely marked wands.

Coming towards us from the doorway
with slow, agonising movements
is a menacing and abnormally tall figure, swathed,
its head featureless as an egg, with bricks, scaffoldings
models of buildings and little arches
tumbling from its dreadful breast.

Its arm creaks as it raises its rubber hand
to point at us, meaninglessly . . .

The Pardoner's Tale

G. Carrington

► THE DOOR OF THE DRUGSTORE swung open with a tinkle and the trio walked in. The store was already inhabited with girls in tight sweaters and T-shirts and blue-jacketed boys. When the crowd saw the tall, good-looking lad surrounded by his younger brother and the hard-faced chain-smoker known as Tiny, even the juke box seemed to pause. Then the murmur of inaudible conversation began again. But now it was punctuated with cries of "Mike," "Hey, Mike," "Mike honey."

The older of the Gessler brothers craned his neck as he looked over his realm. "Where's Gene?" The question was barked to anyone who wanted to answer.

Joe put his coke on the table and looked at Mike. "The Royals got him."

Mike walked over to Joe in quick long strides, his brother behind him aping his every move, his every mannerism. "Details." It was an order.

"He was walking along 14th when Chico, in his stinky Hudson, pulls up and four of them drag him into the car. That's all there was to it. They were off before we could move. Mike, I think they want a rumble."

The leader walked over to the counter, the two others at his heels. "Three cokes." The lad at the counter wore the conventional white jacket of a counterman, but his ducktail haircut labelled him as a member of the gang. Doc, the owner of the drugstore, kept to the background. As long as they stayed in his store, they managed to stay out of trouble, and he managed to stay in business. Without the kids in here each night, he would soon go broke.

"Hey, Mike." Tiny's hand was clenched into a fist. "We gonna let 'em take Gene without a fight. You gonna let a gang member get beat up without fightin' back? Where's your guts, chief?"

"Shut up, Tiny! They want us to fight back. Lemme think!"

The drum from the juke box blared up loud as someone turned up the volume knob on the back. It was accompanied by shouts of "Go, man, go!" but everyone was watching Mike. There was something coming and each one of them wanted to be in on it just as much as each one of them was thinking of a way to keep out of it.

All Tiny could think of was fight. He loved to fight. He loved to feel his fist smashing through flesh and bone. He clenched the brass knuckles in his hip pocket. Once he had knifed a kid. It wasn't the same. He never used the knife again.

Baby Mike clenched the knife in his pocket. He was scared, but he knew he'd have to be in the rumble. If he wasn't, everyone would say Mike's baby brother was chicken and he wouldn't be able to get into the Falcons.

Mike stared at the mirror-finished metal behind the counter, plastered with stickers about Banana Fudge Royales and Thick Malts and anything else the countermen's vivid imaginations could concoct. He knew the Royals were ready for a rumble. But how about just a few guys in the Puerto Rican neighborhood? Would they expect that? If the Royals grabbed him, he knew the Falcons would come down with a vengeance. But even though he knew his gang outnumbered the PR's, that would bring the cops. And if Tiny got caught, he'd be in for keeps, and Mike needed his number one man. He was stupid and kept getting in petty trouble, shop-lifting and bullying shopkeepers, but he was an invaluable man in a fight. No, he'd best not chance a rumble until there was no other choice.

The three dimes spinned on the counter, and Mike twisted his stool and stepped off. Twenty pairs of eyes watched him, waiting for the word that would start the rumble, waiting. Theatrically, conscious of the eyes that were on him, Mike walked, without a word, out of the drugstore, his two lieutenants following. The drugstore buzzed:

"Mike's turned chicken!"

"What's up? You turned chicken, Mike?"

"Shut up!" Mike turned on Tiny. "You, me, and Baby is taking a long walk in the Puerto Rican moonlight — us and no one else."

It was a starless and moonless night, the haze over the city blocking any heavenly light that tried to illuminate

the tenements. They lay in the harsh light-and-shadow of streetlamps and the shifting spots of automobiles endlessly gliding through the lonely streets. Over the quiet hum you could hear the strident voices of a quarreling couple, the faint cooing of the pigeons, the drone of an airplane high above the humdrum existence of the slums, and the murmurings of lovers. There was a sharp smack as Tiny smashed his naked first into the open palm of his left hand.

"Easy, Tiny."

As the trio entered the Puerto Rican section of the tenements, the immediate change in their attitude marked the boundary. It was as if the very air had changed, and, indeed, to them it had. The smells from the garbage pails and the trash cans became more acute, and the voices became more strident, harsher, more vulgar and obscene. Shadows seemed to move and the haze lowered on the rotting buildings. This was the territory of the Royals, with whom Mike and the Falcons had had several small skirmishes. Now Mike was trying to avoid the big all-out battle. A squad car turned the corner, and the three melted into the shadows of an alley. Mike kept on down the alley, then took an abrupt turn halfway to its end.

"Mike, what . . . ?"

Tiny quieted as he saw the Puerto Rican standing at the base of the stairs that began at street level and descended to the level of the basement. The Puerto Rican's head was just level with the alley. He was facing the street parallel to the alley from which they had just entered. Mike extended his hand backwards. Tiny put his brass knuckles into the open palm. Mike's arm was up in the air then down with a thud. He handed the knuckles back to Tiny then leaped lightly down into the pit where the Puerto Rican lay quietly.

"Is he . . . ?" Baby Mike was scared.

"No." The answer came in a hoarse whisper. "He's just bleeding a little bit." Mike listened at the door, pushed it open, then dived into the dark room, protecting his head. Tiny had on his brass knuckles and Baby Mike held his switchblade open.

Then a light flooded the room and Mike was alone in the empty cellar, his hand on the string controlling the naked bulb overhead. There were chairs and a table in the center, a cot off to the side. Tiny moved quickly to the metal box on the table. He picked a tire chain off the floor and smashed it across the lock. Opening the box, he yelled in a hoarse whisper. "Look at the bills! Man, what I could do with that cash!"

Tiny stood at the table, running his fingers through the money, counting it. He had never seen so much money before in his life. It was mostly in dirty ones, a few fives, and one ten. The bottom of the box was covered with silver to a depth of an inch. Tiny let the coins fall through his fingers, listening to the dull and sharp sounds as coin struck coin at the floor of the box.

Mike rapidly searched the room, looking for traces of Gene. He found his shirt draped over a box. It was ripped and covered with dirt and filth. He found no other traces of the gang member though he looked under boxes and even looked through the empty coal bin, no longer in use. He was trying to work himself into an anger, but the only thing he could feel was a fear that the Royals would return. He was glad when he finished his search so that they could leave.

Baby Mike stood nearby in the doorway, not knowing what to do, afraid to stand still and afraid to move. He was scared of Tiny, pouring over the money in the center of the room. He was afraid of his brother, frantically searching the room. He clenched the switchblade in his pocket with his sweating hand.

Baby Mike was the first to hear the distant siren. He

mentioned it to his brother in a half-hearted whisper, afraid to be called chicken. Mike switched off the light and Tiny grabbed the money box. Then Mike dashed to a window, breaking the glass. They crouched there in the darkness and dampness of the cellar until the flashing red light pierced the gloom. Mike hoisted Tiny through the broken window, then was hoisted through by his brother. He stopped to give Baby Mike a helping hand.

"Riff, we ain't got time!" Tiny's voice was insistent.

"Halt!" The officer fired a warning shot in the air. Mike hesitated a moment, then followed Tiny, abandoning his brother in the cellar.

Baby Mike, unbelieving for a moment, huddled in a dark corner of the cellar and cried softly to himself for a few seconds before preparing himself to walk out proudly.

Tiny grabbed at the fire escape ladder and swung himself up. Mike followed. Up the escape they clattered, feet ringing on the metal grillwork. The officer below them began firing and they could hear bullets ringing off the bricks and shattering glass. They were on the fifth floor, nearing the top of the low tenement house when Tiny heard Mike gasp, "Damn!", then his idol was falling, screaming. Then he was silent, as was the officer's gun.

"You bastards!" screamed Tiny and hurled the money box after his buddy. It sprang open and the money floated to the earth in a green burlesque of a snowstorm. Tiny jumped to the roof of the tenement and began running. He could hear the officer climbing the metalwork behind him. Over the tenements he ran, jumping from building to building, tripping and cursing over ropes. He looked at the wash still hanging on the lines, thinking of changing his clothes, then rejected the idea. He reached another alley and clambered down the fire escape, looking and staring in the windows. He stopped at one room as the light filtering through the transom showed two lovers on their bed. He stifled an impulse to crash in on them as the footsteps on the roofs reminded him of his plight. As he neared the floor of the alley, he had to stop at a brightly-lit room. In it a dark-haired, dark-skinned teenaged Puerto Rican girl was undressing. Sitting in the shadows he watched as she turned toward him, completely naked. "Damn Puerto Rican whores," he muttered to himself. When she turned her back, he hurried down the fire escape. Finally he found himself descending a vertical ladder. He dropped the last few feet to the ground, landing on his toes in a crouching position between a pair of trash cans. From the hubbub above, he knew that they did not know into which alleyway he had descended. The smell of the decayed food in the discarded tin cans sickened him. He looked at the entrance of the alley. At first he did not realize what the dark mass at the entrance was, then Chico moved out of the collection of Royals and flashed a smile that shone as much as did the blade of the knife in his hand.

Tiny looked at the other end of the alley: he had a free escape. He listened to the noise on the roofs above. Chico moved closer. "Tiembla usted? . . . Cheecken!"

Tiny reached for his switchblade.

Record Review

► IF ART IS primarily communication, then the importance of the interpretive artist is obvious. He is the link between the creative artist and the audience. The creation of a piano sonata or a play is an intellectual exercise, whereas the performance is essentially a physical exercise. And the conflict between the two functions is resolved only by the

unquestionable fact of their interdependence. While a performer naturally must have something to perform, the composer is equally at the mercy of the performer. For a work of art can be torn to shreds in performance more easily than a weedy triviality can achieve long and popular success on the strength of its performance.

The importance of the interpretive artist (an importance which he often exploits out of all proportion to his talent) frequently results in a temporary reduction in the stature of the creative artist, which seems an injustice at the time. But by the law that operates in art as in everything else, the interpretive artist is destined to be an annual among the flora of the profession in general. The extravagance of his success may be the despair of the creator whose work he is performing. But once dead, he rarely leaves even a ghost behind. (Whether or not the recording industry will greatly affect this tradition remains to be seen.) How many of those who can whistle the first six bars of all the Beethoven piano concerti, can also name three pianists of the period, besides Beethoven—or even one? Yet there were undoubtedly just as many piano virtuosi then as now, in proportion to the population.

Just as important as this relation of composer to performer is that of composer to instrument, where creative and interpretive artist are combined in one person. The majority of composers personify this combination, and to it we owe the majority of works for solo instruments. Clearly, a composer-performer best knows the possibilities and limitations of the instrument. While one can imagine only with difficulty a Beethoven composing for the harpsichord, had he been born a century earlier, yet the grandeur of his keyboard composition was due as much to his own mastery of the instrument as to the historical circumstance that saw the replacement of the harpsichord with the far more flexible and expressive pianoforte.

This situation is so common with regard to works for solo instruments that it is the first explanation that comes to mind when we consider the cello and the lack of music expressly for it. If Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Brahms composed works of equal splendour, if less numerous, for instruments other than their own, these in turn were for acquaintances or friends who were masters of these instruments. And here emerges the vicious circle which has thwarted the composition of cello works. Composers did not write for the cello because of a scarcity of expert cello players, and these latter remained a rarity because they had little on which to display their virtuosity.

In the case of such unique works as the Bach suites for solo cello,* it would appear that these came near the end of a tradition of suites for solo strings, from viol to harpsichord, that had existed for centuries, and stemmed from the lute players of the middle ages. It is significant that these are *suites*, consisting of a series of dances, usually six in number, as contrasted to the sonata form, which reached maturity fifty years later under Haydn. Surprisingly enough, considering the later history of the cello, the bass viol was the most popular of the viol family as a solo instrument, and parts for lute and bass viol were usually interchangeable. It is uncertain whether the instrument for which Bach composed was similar to the modern cello, our uncertainty being stirred by the 6th suite which is scored for a five-stringed instrument.

While the revival of Bach is little more than a century old, the resurrection of these cello suites is hardly half that. And we owe their restoration to the interpretive artist. For

nearly fifty years, the name of Pablo Casals has been almost synonymous with these suites. As one of a series of "Great Recordings of the Century," Angel released a few months ago, the six suites on LP, a re-issue of recordings made by Casals from 1936 to 1939.

The genius of Casals is so obvious, and has been for so long, that the usual cult of biased enthusiasts is rampant, with the result that Casals himself seems unapproachable as a subject of criticism. The opinion of a dissenter, therefore, is welcome even if what he says is untenable. A couple of months ago, High Fidelity published a discussion with the prominent Hungarian cellist, Janos Starker, which serves to bring some balance into a discussion of the artistry of Casals.

Starker emphasizes that he ranks Casals, with Heifetz, as this century's supreme masters of the bow. Then he turns and deplores the above-mentioned idolization of the master. This attitude, he insists, puts the technical achievements of Casals on the level of a standard; and as a result, other performers are judged by how closely they follow his infallible technique. Such a procedure is, of course, fatal both to progress in the development of cello technique and, what is dependent on this development, its acceptance as an instrument in its own right and not merely the third or fourth part of an ensemble.

Starker holds it is impossible, as far as criticism is concerned, that one artist should create a standard. The absurdity is clear when we apply the same method to other instruments. Which is the "proper" way to play the violin, like Kreisler, Oistrakh or Milstein? Should the modern piano student follow the mannerisms of Chopin, Brahms or Paderewski? Yet where the cello is concerned, this peculiar and pointless line of reasoning seems to be ascendant, with Casals as the prototype.

The foregoing seems a reasonable enough complaint; but when Starker asserts that many younger performers have gone beyond Casals where tone production and fingering are concerned, then we get a bit uneasy. For we have the proof of Casals artistry on recordings, especially those of the Bach suites. And when we listen, we wonder, where are these younger performers who have surpassed certain aspects of the master? For instance, a fellow-countryman of Starker's, Antonio Janigro, performs these suites on the Westminster label, and Starker himself has recorded four of them on another label. But the competition serves merely to emphasize the pre-eminence of Casals, at least where Bach is concerned. The slight stresses, the almost imperceptible pauses, give an overall coloration and melodic lustre that is the essential Bach. And it is this which is so conspicuously missing from the technical polish of Messrs. Starker and Janigro. A tone of effortless perfection is what we expect from Casals, and, almost miraculously, that is what we always get.

The transfer to LP from the older masters has been superbly done. These are indeed performances to be treasured.

H. C. FRANCIS

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*J. S. BACH: Suites for Unaccompanied Cello; Pablo Casals. Angel COLH 16 — 18 (3 records).

Five Poems of Anne Hébert

Translated by John Glassco

PETIT DESESPoir

The river has taken back the islands that I loved
The keys of silence are also lost
The hollyhock has not the pungency we thought
Nor the water as many secrets as it sang

My heart fails me
The moment carries it no longer.

VIE DE CHATEAU

The castle of our past
Without table or fire
Dust or cloth—

The twisted magic of these rooms
Is all in their gleaming mirrors:

Here we can only pass the hours
Preening before them night and day . . .

O cast your image to the bitter fountains
Your bitterest image lacking shade or colour—

See, those mirrors are as deep
As great cupboards:
Always a dead one dwells behind the silver
And in a moment swallows your reflection
Clings to you like seaweed

Cleaves to you, slender and naked
Aping your love in a slow and poignant tremor.

LES MAINS

She stands at the seasons' verge
Making her hands shimmer like rays,

Standing aloof
Watching her hands: they are
tinted by the days.

The days upon her hands
Busy her and enthrall.

Never does she close them
Holds them forever open.

The motions of the world
Are carved upon her very fingers,

So many, so deep the ciphers
Crushing with massive and elaborate rings . . .

From her and to our love
No way of welcome or of love,

Only this merciless proffer
Of hands decked with sorrow
Opened to the sun.

LE TOMBEAU DES ROIS

I carry my heart on my fist
Like a blind hawk.

My fingers gripping the speechless bird,
A light dizzy with wine and blood
I go down, down
To the tombs of the kings
Stunned
In a trance of birth.

What Ariadne's thread leads me
Through the long muffled maze?
My steps' echo is eaten as I go.

(In what dream
Was this poor child bound by her ankle
Like an enchanted slave?)

The fashioner of the dream
Is gripping the thread
And the naked steps fall
One by one
Like the first heavy drops of rain
In a well's depth.

Already the scent is stirring in tumid gusts
Seeping under the lintels
From the secret rounded rooms
And the tall beds sealed and raised.

The unmoving lust of these recumbent dead
Draws me. Aghast I see
On even the blackened limbs
Sheen of the blue encrusted gems!

A few sad stories patiently wrought
On the breasts of the kings are lying:
Jewels, they are offered me
Illimitably, without lament.

Ranged in a single row:
The smoke of incense, the dried cake of rice
And my own shaken body—
The ritual and submissive offering.

A golden deathmask on my dreaming face
Violet flowers to me for eyelids,
The ghost of love paints me with small precise
features;
And the bird I hold is breathing
And sobbing strangely.

A long shuddering sigh
Like the wind cast from tree to tree
Shakes the seven tall ebony pharaohs
In their solemn painted shells.

It is only the depth of death that lasts,
Mimesis of the ultimate throes
Seeking an assuagement
And an eternal life
In a faint clicking of bracelets—
Vain circles, unmeaning play
Around the sacrificial flesh.

Craving the sister spring of evil in myself
They bed me down and drink me:
Seven times I feel the vise-grip of the bones
And the dry hand seeking my heart to crush it.

Bruised and satiate from the evil dream
My limbs broken
And freed of the dead, the murdered ones—
What glimmer of dawn is wandering here?
How is it the blind bird is quivering
As she turns towards the morning
Her pierced pupils?

LES PETITES VILLES

I shall give you the little towns
The poor sad little towns,

The little towns cupped in our palms
More exigent than toys
As easy to the hand.

I play with the little towns,
I turn them over
Never a man escapes them
No flower, no child.

The little towns are empty—
Given into our hands.

I listen, my ear to the doors
I lean to the doors, one by one,
With my ear . . .

O the houses are dumb sea-shells
No longer in the frozen spiral
Any sound of the wind
Any sound of water.

Dead, the parks and the gardens
The games are all put to sleep
In a dead museum.

I cannot tell where they have put
The deathstill bodies of the birds.

The streets resound with silence
The echo of their silence is a weight of lead
More leaden
Than any words of menace or of love.

And here am I too, in my turn
Forsaking the little towns of my childhood . . .
I offer them to you
In all the infinite depth
Of their loneliness.

Now do you grasp the dangerous gift?
I have given you the strange sad little towns
For your own imagining.

Turning New Leaves

► IN THE WISEST ESSAY yet written on O'Neill, America's most distinguished critic of drama tried to like O'Neill and did not succeed; yet, as Mr. Eric Bentley suggested eight years ago, he is nevertheless "America's greatest playwright; damn him, damn all; and damning all is a big responsibility." Perhaps no major writer of our time is so difficult to like as is O'Neill, for his deficiencies and weaknesses cut right at the centre of his work. He published far too much, most of his experiments are of interest now only as experiments. As a writer of dialogue, he was all too often garrulous, ponderous, and repetitive. He shared the dominant

literary failing of our time, pretentiousness, and the more he strained for greatness, the more it eluded him (witness that interesting but positively monumental bore, *Mourning Becomes Electra*). His themes, as he well knew, cried aloud for poetry, but while he possessed the poetic sensibility he lacked the ability to body it forth: despite such triumphs as the masterly expressionistic setting of *The Emperor Jones*, O'Neill too rarely achieved that "poetry of the theatre" at which he aimed, and too often substituted for poetry a cloud of "unintegrated symbols" and a rhetorical prose frequently so amateurish as to be comic. Sacrificing everything to theme, he forgot that effective communication of theme demands the soul of tragedy, plot, and embodiment in characters, not walking complexes and vocal neuroses—to quote Miss Falk*, "he often explains the 'symbolical celebration of life' instead of dramatizing it." Despite his knowledge of the theatre, he seems never to have learned that the successful production represents collaboration of author, producer, actor and audience. In particular, he seems never to have trusted his audience, and as a result pretentiousness, over-obviousness and circumambient gas are almost everywhere in his plays. Surely O'Neill is a classic example of a writer frightened by simplicity, and of a man whose natural genius was for realism following false fires into a morass of pseudo-psychological claptrap, frantic rhetoric, and fake "poetical" symbolism.

And yet, when the obvious criticisms are made, there remains the sombre, brooding, powerful and monumental impressiveness of the plays which, at their best, somehow insist on not abiding our question. Almost every play has its moments of greatness when O'Neill makes us see into the heart of things, and there are plays which are consistently magnificent, plays which are great by the very highest standards: that minor classic and quintessential tragedy *The Emperor Jones*, for instance, and his masterpiece, the play responsible for the remarkable resurgence of popular and critical interest, *Long Day's Journey into Night*. "Excruciatingly powerful because it is so painfully and consistently realistic" as Miss Falk says, this play reveals as nothing else could where the natural genius of O'Neill lay, and just how firmly O'Neill is planted in the tradition of Ibsen. If I may call Dr. Johnson to my aid, his other plays are too often "peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never rise in the commerce of mankind," but had O'Neill written often as he writes in *Long Day's Journey*, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.

Coming at a time when O'Neill's star is in the ascendant, Miss Falk's book is welcome as a helpful guide to a greater understanding of the plays. It is, on the whole, clearly written, it is full of good things, it provides stimulating discussion of the tragic experience reflected in O'Neill's plays, it classifies the plays neatly and presents a useful framework within which to examine them — one could argue that the plays cannot be quite so easily pigeon-holed as Miss Falk proposes, but no critic ever (well, hardly ever) pretends that any framework is anything other than suggestive and helpful. The final chapter, in which Miss Falk pulls her ideas together in an examination of *Long Day's Journey*, is particularly admirable, showing as it does how this play comprehends so many aspects of the achievement represented by the whole body of O'Neill's work. Yet, with all its good qualities, this is a disappointing book and one that might be seriously misleading.

It is not, in the first place, "the most original contribution to O'Neill criticism in a long time" (to disagree with Profes-

*EUGENE O'NEILL AND THE TRAGIC TENSION; Doris V. Falk; Ryerson; pp. 211; \$4.50.

sor Krutch as reported on the dust-jacket). It is admittedly difficult to get away from Dr. Engel's steady and sensible treatment of O'Neill (1953); nevertheless, I feel that Miss Falk has felt Dr. Engel's *Haunted Heroes* breathing rather heavily down her neck and that her efforts to escape lead her into the least happy parts of her work and into some confusion of purpose. Miss Falk claims that her book is "deliberately narrow in scope, confining itself to the tracing of a single, if complex, pattern in the plays and inevitably in the mind of the man who wrote them," and she writes (page 8) that her purpose is to illuminate the plays by showing the correlation between the theories of the neo-Freudians, particularly Karen Horney, and the philosophy of O'Neill. Since, however, the "single, if complex, pattern" turns out to be something remarkably like the traditional tragic pattern, and since both writers of tragedy and psychologists draw from life (and therefore the quotations from Horney and Fromm all bring irresistibly to mind much better passages from Sophocles, Shakespeare, Pope, and Ibsen) and since, I suspect, Miss Falk isn't really very interested in the neo-Freudians anyway (one hears less and less of them as the book develops—for which relief, much thanks), the result is a book much wider in scope than Miss Falk suggests, and the psychological aspect comes more and more to look like a superadded charm designed to suggest greater originality than the book really has.

Admittedly O'Neill protested too much his lack of indebtedness to psychological theory, but Miss Falk is, I think, off the point when she remarks that O'Neill's "point of view was actually not religious at all, but psychological, or, more specifically, psychoanalytical. I therefore found myself involved in the study of philosophy and psychoanalysis in order to understand the full implications of the plays." The point about O'Neill's tragic patterns is, surely, the extent to which they follow traditional patterns; the point is that O'Neill's point of view is, simply, tragic. "Authors were psychologists, you know, and profound ones before psychology was invented," as O'Neill said, and the best way to get to the heart of O'Neill is not through the pages of psychologists but through those of the great writers of tragedy whom O'Neill admired. No-one has shown all this more clearly than Miss Falk, but the baffling thing is that she does not seem, for the most part, to realise that implied through her stimulating opening chapters is the essential identity of O'Neill's tragic philosophy with that of other tragic writers. The "tragic tensions" turn out to be indistinguishable from other "ironic inner conflicts," the search for identity on which she rightly sees O'Neill's heroes as engaged is characteristic of much tragedy ("Who is it that can tell me who I am?"), the attempt of O'Neill's heroes to make the universe express themselves and the pride of those heroes has its obvious parallels in most tragic heroes. Of course Miss Falk knows this but her book would have been immeasurably improved had she made it clear that she knows it, and had she not appeared to be particularizing for O'Neill what is general in tragedy.

There are other things that bother me about this book: a certain amount of repetition and needlessly long digression, two very minor errors of fact (Ella, in *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, is not an "ex-prostitute"; Christine Mannon does not kill her husband by withholding his medicine but by substituting poison for it). I am bothered by her disagreement with O'Neill's own view that he wrote ironic tragedy on the grounds that "irony requires a detachment which he found impossible." No-one could be less detached than O'Casey but he certainly writes ironic tragedy; so does O'Neill. Again, while the concept of art as the product of neurosis is fashionable and obviously especially relevant to any

examination of O'Neill, one may legitimately question the extent to which Miss Falk sees his plays as being "rooted in O'Neill's personal need." The book does have much to commend it, but it seems to me to take side-roads to get to O'Neill instead of pursuing the highway.

JOHN PETTIGREW

Turning Old Leaves

► THE RECENT REPRINTING of Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy** is an event of considerable interest to students of folklore, literature, history, and music. D'Urfey's *Pills*, as the volumes were familiarly known, were by far the most popular song-books of their time, and their pages present one of the best reflections of their lusty age to be found in print.

Although today the *Pills* are generally identified with D'Urfey, the first volumes were edited by Henry Playford, a famous seventeenth-century music publisher whose more orthodox publications included works by Sir Henry Purcell and Dr. John Blow. Between 1689 and 1706 he brought out the original series of *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*. Then in 1719-20 D'Urfey edited a final six-volume edition which was reprinted in 1876. The present edition is a facsimile reprint of the 1876 edition, bound in three volumes.

Even at its \$25.00 price, this is a bargain; the original and the 1876 editions are extremely rare, and when found cost upwards of \$100.00. The 2,000 odd pages in the three fat volumes contain 1144 songs and poems in clear readable type accompanied by many contemporary and traditional melodies.

Thomas D'Urfey, universally known as Tom, was born in Devonshire in 1653, of Huguenot descent. Trained as a lawyer, he early turned to the writing of plays and songs. Before his death in 1723 he had turned out thirty-two plays, nearly five hundred songs, and innumerable miscellaneous poems. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* notes that his plays "were well received but were so licentious that none of them kept the stage after the dissolute period for which they were written."

It was as a writer and singer of songs that he won his greatest fame. This talent and his convivial nature won him access to the highest circles: for nearly forty years he was the favorite entertainer in the courts of four monarchs. As he himself put it: "When I have performed some of my own Things before their Majesties King Charles the II^d, King James, King William, Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George, I never went off without happy and commendable approbation," and in *The Guardian* Addison reported: "I myself remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's Shoulder more than once, and humming over a Song with him."

Although the successive volumes of the *Pills* were actually the forerunners of such better known collections as Percy's *Reliques* and Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, they had a different purpose. Playford and D'Urfey were not scholars interested in preserving ancient ballad texts for the benefit of future generations: their aim was simply to give the public the songs it wanted, and the public responded by buying each of their editions as fast as they appeared.

In Tudor and Stuart times ballads and street songs were heard everywhere: they were sung in taverns by jovial

**Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*: Edited by Thomas D'Urfey. Folklore Press, New York, 1959; \$25.00.

fellows like Sir Toby Belch, and hawked in the streets by professional ballad singers:

"Come buy my new ballad, I hav't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not, I fear, please every Pallat;
Then mark what ensu'th, I swear by my Youth
That every line in my Ballad is truth:
A ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed and newly come forth." (*Pills*, II, 1).

Literary men scorned the songs of the people as "base balladry", but they couldn't deny their appeal. Sir Philip Sidney's comment is famous: "I must confess my own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet" (see "An Unhappy memorable Song of the Hunting in Chevy-Chase, between Earl Piercy of England, and Earl Douglas of Scotland, *Pills*, IV, 289), and D'Urfey is said to have stuttered: "The town may da-da-damn me for a poet but they si-si-sing my songs for all that." Indeed, one of his most persistent critics, Alexander Pope, gave him this somewhat ironic testimonial in a letter written to Henry Cromwell in 1710: "I have not quoted one Latin Author since I came down, but I have learn'd without Book a Song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's who is our only Poet of tolerable Reputation in this Country. He makes all the Merriment in our Entertainment, and but for him, there would be so miserable a Dearth of Catches, that I fear they Would put either the Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any Man, of any Quality, is heartily welcome to the best Topping-Table of our Gentry, who can roundly hum out some Fragments or Rhapsodies of his Works . . . Alas, Sir! This is a Glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your *Ovid* nor I with my *Statius* can amuse a whole Board of Justices and extraordinary Squires or gain one Hum of Approbation, or Laugh of Admiration! These Things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love Reading, but give us your Antient Poet Mr. Durfey."

No one claims any great artistic excellence for D'Urfey's writings but he had a genius for gauging the tastes of the average Englishman of his day. The thousand-odd songs in the *Pills* are a mixed bag, but taken together they bring to life the colorful London that produced Pepys and Congreve, Dryden and Defoe, Addison and Swift.

The *Pills* are in effect an anthology of the songs and verses current during the seventeenth century. While the first two volumes are filled with D'Urfey's own compositions, the other four include samples of many well known writers from the Elizabethan to the Restoration periods. Among these are Sir Edward Dyer's "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is," Suckling's "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?" Ben Jonson's "Cutpurse," Wycherley's "A Wife I Do Hate," Congreve's "A Soldier and a Sailor," and Dryden's "Calm Was the Evening." There are also many ballads from oral tradition, songs that appeared in contemporary plays, and verses by unknown hacks. Many had previously been printed in broadsides or in song-books of various kinds, and many were later to be reprinted in the collections of Percy, Ritson and Child.

Except for his own works, D'Urfey printed most of the songs with little indication of their source. The English scholars, Cyrus L. Day and E. B. Murrie, have identified and indexed the authors and composers of many of them in a bibliography of Restoration song-books.* Mr. Day, incidentally, writes a brief but illuminating introduction to the present edition in which he notes that: "Ninety-six com-

posers, all told, are represented, and nearly as many old and not-so-old ballad tunes. Henry Purcell set over seventy of the songs in the *Pills* to music—far more than any other composer. John Eccles, Samuel Ackroyd, John Blow, Richard Leveridge, Jeremiah Clarke, Daniel Purcell, and Thomas Farmer set from twenty to twenty-five each."

Of more value perhaps than the composed tunes are the many traditional tunes which are here preserved. Thirty-seven of these found their way into Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and over a hundred turned up in later ballad operas.

Today the *Pills* are best known for the many verses in praise of sexual delights which have their counterparts in the more-outspoken pages of Restoration drama. However, a check of their contents reveals a much more varied fare. There are such ancient ballad themes as "A Riddle Wittily Expounded" (IV, 129) and "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" (IV, 29). There are several songs "In Praise of Begging" (VI, 338), and many whose theme is "Let's Be Jolly, Fill Our Glasses" (V, 16), and several lengthy original ballads from which snatches have passed into nursery rhyme books: "All in a misty Morning" (IV, 148) and "Three Children Sliding on the Thames" (IV, 1).

History is recalled in such items as "The most Famous Ballad of King Henry the 5th: his Victory over the French at Agencourt" (V, 49), or "A Happy Memorable Ballad On the Fight near Audenard between the Duke of Marlborough, of Great Britain, and the Duke of Vendosme, of France" (VI, 4). Then there are such contemporary oddities as the moralizing verses that begin:

"Tobacco is but an Indian Weed
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve,
It shows our decay, we are but Clay
Think of this and take Tobacco" (III, 291),

and the "Hymn upon the Execution of two Criminals" with its stark opening line: "All you that must take a leap in the Dark," and its unusual moral:

"Think then when Man his Race has run
Death is the Prize which he has won" (VI, 327).

There are many songs "Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive" which have continued in English oral tradition down to the present, like "You Lasses and Lads take Leave of Your Dads" (III, 300), "The Dumb Wife" (III, 276), and "Green Broom" (IV, 100). Cheek by jowl are country songs describing the bucolic pleasures of dairymaids and ploughboys, and court songs packed with classical references and elaborate plays upon words. And of course there are innumerable political ballads dealing with personalities and preoccupations of the times, for in that age broadsides filled the place of the modern newspapers.

Despite this variety, it must be admitted that the bulk of the verses fully justify the *Pills'* reputation as a treasure trove of bawdy ballads. Such songs have always been current in oral tradition, but in England the Restoration was the only age in which they were also acceptable in print. Even our Freudian age has not yet caught up with the unabashed acceptance of the sexual act which was inherent in seventeenth-century society. Nor have all our psychiatrists produced as many symbols for the sex organs as the Restoration poets borrowed from the occupations of millers and blacksmiths, musicians and tinkers, tailors and doctors.

Those who have enjoyed Ed McCurdy's records entitled "When Dalliance Was in Flower" or who know the older and more subtle interpretation of Frank Wilson in "Saucy English Ballads" will recognize many titles: "A Lusty Young Smith" (IV, 195), "The Merchant and the Fiddler's Wife"

*English Song Books 1651-1702: A Bibliography with a First-Line Index of Songs. London, the Bibliographical Society, 1940.

(V, 77), "Tottenham Frolick" (V, 179), "Go Bring Me a Lass" (V, 81), and "The Three Merry Travellers who paid their shot wherever they came, without ever a Silver of Money" (VI, 177), to cite a few.

You may also recognize the original forms of many songs known today in bowdlerized versions: for example, a ballad known to every English schoolchild is Cecil Sharp's expurgated edition, "Blow Away the Morning Dew," appears in two older and less innocent forms: "Yonder comes a courteous knight lustily raking over the hay" (III, 37), and "There was a knight and he was young" (V, 112). "The Lass of Lynn's Sorrowful Lament for the Loss of her Maiden-Head" (V, 59) is undoubtedly a forerunner of "Careless Love," and those who know Burns' brief verses about "Bonnie Peggy Ramsey" may meet her less decorous namesake (V, 139).

The temptation to go on browsing and quoting is almost irresistible, but perhaps a halt should be called before we get *The Forum* banned in Boston. Except for Bostonians and any others who raise their eyebrows over *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, D'Urfey's *Pills* may be heartily recommended as a prescription "to purge melancholy."

EDITH FOWKE

Books Reviewed

REFORMATION AND REACTION IN TUDOR CAMBRIDGE: H. C. Porter; Macmillan; pp. 461; \$10.50.

This is in the main a work of biography which relates the lives of many learned reformers to their colleagues and their Cambridge colleges. Mr. Porter set himself this biographical goal and has achieved it in a work which I think is unique among the studies of the sixteenth century. It would have been a great aid to me when working on Nashe and it should prove indispensable to many students today.

Mr. Porter is very modest in his statement of his scope: "But, for the history of Cambridge, the exiles find their importance not in any future influence within the university, but in the fact their story serves as an appendix to, and a commentary upon, certain aspects of Cambridge life and thought in the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI."

In fact, it proves to be a crucial appendix indeed, since the struggles at Cambridge provide a model of very large issues in inter-action: "The figures and bare names, dry bones of the story, give some indication of the growth of the reform movement in Cambridge, rising to the great names of the 1540's. A closer examination would show the peculiar importance of college loyalties and tradition: a tradition expressed and perhaps formed by the personality of a strong master — a Shorton or a Ridley at Pembroke, a Forman, a Heynes at Queens', a Lever at St. Johns'. Only some of the men, of course, had stayed in Cambridge. Many had been itinerant preachers or troublesome priests: Anthony Gilbey of Christ's, John Bale, Thomas Becon of St. John's. Other priests had married in the reign of Edward, and, therefore, forfeited their ministry in December, 1553."

Passages such as these may serve to indicate the unusual perspectives which are everywhere in Professor Porter's study. For example, between 1564 and 1573 there was an increase of about one-third in the numbers of Cambridge dons: "Now, most of these dons were 'new men,' men, that is, who had come up to Cambridge during the reign of Elizabeth . . ., there can never have been a period in the history of Cambridge in which there were so many young dons."

The second part of Professor Porter's study concerns the role and activity of the Puritans within the university and

beyond: "The interconnection of the godly pastors was remarkable. Like the interrelated intellectual aristocracy of England in the nineteenth century, and after, analysed by Noel Annan, they formed almost an exclusive tribe, promoting by pedigree an apostolic succession of plain living and high thinking."

For the Milton student, page 237 will be particularly interesting: "Puritanism at Christ's owed its rise not to the Masters but to the Fellows. The Cambridge Fellows were then 'tutors,' *in loco parentis*, to an extent unknown today. A don might have anything from one to twenty pupils, boys who lived with him, and directly paid him, and were entirely controlled by him."

Again, "Thomas Fuller's description of John Preston, a tutor at Queens' from 1609 to 1622, was applicable in lesser degree to many Elizabethan dons: 'He was the greatest pupil-monger in England in man's memory, having sixteen fellow commoners (most heirs to fair estate) admitted in one year in Queens' College, and provided convenient accommodation for them.' It was said that 'every time when Master Preston plucked off his hat to Doctor Davenant the college master, he gained a chamber or study for one of his pupils.'"

"The third part of this essay of Tudor Cambridge is a detailed study of the theological disputes within the university in the 1590's . . . the story is in essence about grace . . . It is a standing reproach against English literary critics, historians and theologians that we have no work comparable to Henri Brémond's *Histoire littéraire du sentiment religieux en France*."

Professor Porter has laid the ground work for new kinds of study to follow. He concludes with the observation that: "The distinguishing temper of a college, no less than that of a family, is capable of change (even of reversal) within a surprisingly short number of generations. Twentieth-century Cambridge provides conspicuous examples of this general truth: and so would any given half-century of university history."

Upon an over-all look at the evidence presented by Professor Porter, there appears a great deal of support for the case presented by Walter Ong in his recent *Ramus, Method and the Decay of Dialogue*. The greater reliance upon visual modes of organizing knowledge, which Ong traces through the later Middle Ages, becomes more patent in the Tudor period. Anguish, for example, about predestination proved quite unsurmountable in visual terms. The all-at-once auditory culture of an oral world has yielded to a powerful new technology which is only now ending its course. Because we live in such a world of radical upset of all established procedure, Professor Porter's book is not only scholarly but timely.

H. M. McLuhan

CAMUS: Germaine Brée; Ryerson; pp. x, 275; \$5.00.

Sartre and Camus are undoubtedly the two Dioscuri of contemporary French literature, and are often lumped together as two chips from the same block. A grave error, as no two sons of Jupiter could be more different from each other. Sartre is the leading French "existentialist"; Camus has no use for "existentialism". Sartre is fundamentally a metaphysician, a logician, an analyst; Camus has no gift for systematic, philosophical thinking and relies on the poet's or artist's flash of intuition for his insights. Sartre is a very uneven writer and tends to be verbose and formless; Camus is the essential artist; no one in France since Giraudoux has shown such a flair for style (and a style that is almost classical in its tautness and cogency). We should be grateful to anyone like Miss Brée who tries to help us to get a clearer idea of this interesting but enigmatic writer.

Miss Brée admits at the outset that it is perilous to

attempt a critical study of a writer who is still only in mid-career, and there is inevitably a certain tentativeness and incompleteness about her appraisal. But she has, as a biographer and critic, some trumps up her sleeve; she is a native of the South of France and, during World War II, she served with the French army in Algeria, that native land of Camus, whose atmosphere — sun, sea and rock — permeates all his writing. Besides, she has had access to unpublished material of her author and direct personal contact with him which included his reading and checking of her manuscript. Her book can claim therefore to be the most up-to-date and authoritative account of the man and his work available to English-speaking readers. It discusses Camus' life, then his novels, his plays and his essays and includes a bibliography of his works (in French and in English translation) and of books and articles dealing with him and them. There is a very full Index.

The book is written in excellent English (with only a negligible sprinkling of Gallicisms), though there is no attempt at brilliance or originality of style. Instead, one of its virtues is its lack of pretentiousness either in thought or manner. The author does not balk at any of the problems raised by her author's peculiar attitude to life (what a phrase in the jacket-blurb calls his "dispassionate passion") and by his elusive style, but neither does she throw a very penetrating light on them — not the X-ray of the great critic that cuts through the surface flesh to the bony substructure. But she never makes a critical judgment to which one feels obliged to object, and, great admirer of Camus though she is, she has the honesty and courage (first of critical virtues) to say near the close of her book: "In Camus' long analyses of art in spite of his appeal to the fraternity that binds the artist to all men, one looks in vain for that immense delight in man himself — in his dignity and grandeur — that has always characterized the great creator. 'Each work of art makes the human visage more admirable and richer, that is its entire secret,' writes Camus, but one sometimes wonders whether the human visage which he observes outside the realm of art has not become for him merely the ravaged visage of our 'common misery'?" Alas! to how many writers and artists of our time does that anxious remark apply.

A. F. B. CLARK

SPEECH IS OF TIME: Robert Gordon Menzies; British Book Service; pp. 246; \$4.00.

Most of the articles in this volume of occasional speeches and lectures by the Prime Minister of Australia were delivered during the last decade and could be grouped under the general category of "inspirational addresses." The conspicuous exceptions to this description are six speeches (occupying almost half the book) on the Suez crisis, wherein Colonel Nasser is attacked as a patent breaker of international law. Australia's prompt rallying to Britain's side on this issue, under Mr. Menzies' leadership, contrasted sharply with Canada's more independent stand. The remainder of the volume includes three articles on the British Commonwealth, two on Churchill and his contemporaries, and four on problems of the modern democratic state.

Mr. Menzies raises (without solving) some interesting issues, among them the question whether the existence of the United Nations in any way reduces the importance of the Commonwealth to British peoples. He argues that it does not, and, especially in view of the veto in the Security Council, that it should remain their first preoccupation. "When the Commonwealth ceases to be an inner feeling as well as an external association, virtue will have gone out of it." In an essay on "Politics as an Art" he contends that political science is both an art and an inexact science. Un-

like many modern students of politics he complains that its scientific aspects have been emphasized to the detriment of its consideration as an art. An unrepentant individualist, he dreads the magnified state, though as an experienced politician he is at pains to stress his belief in social security.

The book is pleasantly written, with occasional flashes of the eloquence which has given its author his reputation as a parliamentary orator. He can turn a neat phrase, as in an article on Churchill's Seventy-fifth birthday in 1949, when both men were leaders of the Opposition in their respective countries, or, as Mr. Menzies puts it, were living in Bleak House but had Great Expectations. The reader responds to the liberality of a statesman who speaks in warm personal terms of Labor leaders like Ramsay MacDonald and Clement Atlee, to whose political views he was opposed. Mr. Menzies emerges as a man of cultivation, a humanist, and an enthusiast for the Commonwealth, although he says little about it that is arresting.

Yet on the whole the individual articles are slight, the cumulative effect is unimpressive, and the reader apt to wonder whether this volume was really worth publishing. It throws little light on Australia, Australians, or even on Mr. Menzies. No one can read anything written by Smuts of South Africa without realizing that he was a man of outstanding ability and character. Since this country has produced no statesmen of corresponding calibre, a Canadian reviewer may be forgiven for noting a similar failure on the part of Australia. This volume does nothing to alter such an assessment. As every student of Hansard is aware, few political utterances merit the immortality of print.

M. E. WALLACE

THE BRIDGE ON THE DRINA: Ivo Andric; trans. from the Serbo-Croat by L. F. Edwards; Macmillan; pp. 314; \$3.50.

The scarcity of enlightened material on the Balkans makes this excellent translation of Ivo Andric's novel, the third of a trilogy, most welcome. Readers whose interest in Yugoslavia has been stimulated by Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, and who learned from her, if they did not already know, how necessary to the understanding of a people is the knowledge of its past, will be particularly grateful for this record of a way of life that has perhaps already disappeared.

The bridge on the Drina, completed in 1571, took five years to build. It was a bequest from Mehmed Pasha Sokolli, who had been taken at the age of ten from his native Bosnia to be raised as a janissary in the service of the Turkish Sultan. He rose to the position of Vezir, but was troubled throughout his long term of high office by dark shooting pains which seemed to cut his breast in two, and which brought with them always the picture of the river-crossing at Visegrad, desolate and dangerous, where the most enduring of the women who had followed the convoy for a last glimpse of son, grandson, nephew or brother being plucked from his family, race and religion, were forced at last to remain behind. The chronicle of the bridge from its conception and troubled beginning through nearly three-and-a-half centuries, is the story also of the Moslem-dominated town of Visegrad, its population of Moslem Slavs, Orthodox Serbs, Jews and gypsies. It is the story of the landowners and peasants of the outlying hamlets and farms, of the entire valley, small, circular, surrounded by steep hills through which the Drina flows. For the bridge is the pulse of the valley, not merely in the sense of communication and transportation, but because its harmonious proportions and its broad central terrace or *kapia*, on which the men spend their leisure hours from childhood to old age, are ingrained in the

consciousness of the people. The eleven graceful arches of gleaming stone are a symbol of continuity against which the hazards of human existence break as does the Drina.

When the Turkish Empire begins to recede, the first reverberations of change are felt on the *kapia*. Many rumblings later, the tide of Turkish rule runs out, leaving the Bosnian Moslems high and dry under the Austrian occupation. Even though the Austrians, in order to offset the nationalist strivings of the Serbs, uphold the Moslem position, the town, its way of life tinged with Oriental fatalism, is inevitably pervaded by the influence of the West. The chronicle ends in 1914, with the outbreak of war between Serbia and Austria. The bridge over the Drina, unharmed by many days of crossfire, is cut in two by the departing Austrians, who had mined it some years before during Serbo-Austrian border incidents.

Dr. Andric, himself a Serb and a Bosnian who spent his early years in Visegrad, writes with passion but without prejudice — his feeling is deep and distilled. His style has the dignity and power suited to an epic; at the same time, the individuals at whom he looks closely in quiet or turbulent eras are unfailingly vivid and fascinating. If one knows even a little of the history of the Balkans, one recognizes the sensitivity and understanding it required to illuminate all strands of thought in this Bosnian community through the centuries, and to achieve a historical perspective free of racial or religious bitterness.

BELLE POMER

ANNE BRONTE: HER LIFE AND WORK: Ada Harrison and Derek Stanford; Ryerson; pp. 245; \$5.00.

ANNE BRONTE: A BIOGRAPHY: Winnifred Gérin; Nelson; pp. 323; \$6.50.

In her literary works, as in her life, Anne, the youngest and physically the most fragile of the brilliant Brontës, has been largely overshadowed by the more aggressive Charlotte and by Emily of the burning imagination. That Anne's literary reputation has suffered from the misunderstanding and the deprecatory tone of Charlotte's criticism is the contention of both books under review. Justice, they say, should at last be done to the fine talent out-shone by genius near at hand.

Few readers to-day of Charlotte's *Jane Eyre* and Emily's *Wuthering Heights* can even name Anne's *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*; yet both novels were immediately popular on publication; the second, in fact, became a best-seller by achieving a *succès de scandale*. Have too many readers unquestioningly accepted Charlotte's firmly-expressed conviction that the subject of Anne's second novel was all a big mistake? The evidence indicates that Charlotte, who loved her sister devotedly, was on occasion her bad fairy.

Time and circumstance were even more inimical to Anne than to her sisters. By Charlotte's decision, Anne was left behind when her sisters tasted cosmopolitan life on the Continent; and she was just twenty-nine when, in 1849, her death quickly followed those of Branwell and Emily. The narrow confines of her short life make her accomplishment seem quite as miraculous as that of her sisters, for Anne is a novelist of considerable power. *Agnes Grey* forms a masterly prelude to the still shocking combination of romantic passion, classical restraint and brutal realism which informs *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Anne Brontë's created world surges with characters of tremendous vitality. Her style, too often prolix in the Victorian manner, is sometimes delightfully, more often incisively, ironic. Her repressed experience emerged in a view of life that is bitter, rich and deep.

Anne Brontë: Her Life and Work and *Anne Brontë: A Biography*, while drawing on the same materials and working towards the same conclusions, diverge widely in method and effect. In the former, two authors deal separately with Anne's life and her literary work; the tone is that of apologia sustained to a painful degree. In the latter book, life and work are warp and woof of a rich pattern woven inextricably into the background of place and time; the approach is an agreeable blend of personal involvement and scholarly detachment; and a generous selection of illustrations strongly reinforces the feeling of the period. Miss Gérin's biography is an artistic and deeply moving re-creation which will send its readers in search of Anne Brontë herself.

MARGARET HEIDEMAN

DIPLOMACY AND PEACE IN THE NUCLEAR AGE:

Lester B. Pearson; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 114; \$3.00.

A cynic once remarked that the best time to judge the quality of a politician's speeches is when he is in opposition. With this slim volume of four lectures, delivered at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, where the work of a great American public servant, Mr. William L. Clayton, is commemorated by an annual series of addresses by persons distinguished in the field of diplomacy, trade or scholarship in international affairs, Mr. Pearson passes the test *summa cum laude*. Like his predecessor in this series, a former Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, Mr. Pearson spoke with the experience of one who has held office as a foreign minister. Unlike his friend and former colleague in many a struggle for peace through coalition diplomacy, however, he also spoke as a former Foreign Service Officer who had begun at the bottom in the Department of External Affairs thirty years ago. In his first lecture on "Diplomacy New and Old" it is not surprising that he pleads for more effective use of the professional diplomat than is currently the case in an age of jet planes and gold-fish bowl diplomacy. For him confidential negotiations are still essential once the policies upon which those negotiations have been based have been publicly decided and publicly explained, and in them the professional is invaluable.

These lectures are more than a blue print for a "How To Do It" series, although it is to be hoped that civil servants, if not cabinet ministers, will reflect upon their observations. They are also the medium for frank comment and warning upon the way the Western Powers handle their problems. Thus, Mr. Pearson complains that the Permanent Council of NATO, because of the attitude of the partner governments towards their representatives, has been "too diplomatic and not enough political." He advocates its use as a political general staff. He is gratified that there have been recent tendencies for a great power like the United States to clear its policy in advance through NATO, but maintains the Council should be a centre of policy making as well. The lecturer does not hesitate to condemn the tendency of so many Powers to use the United Nations for "unworthy publicity and propaganda purposes" and of foreign ministers at the U.N. General Assembly or in other meetings to resort to imprecision and intentional obscurity in order to claim a measure of success. Speaking when the crisis over the islands of Quemoy and Matsu was very much in the news, he bluntly criticised the American government for the "bad diplomacy" which allowed so many Chinese Nationalist troops to be stationed there. If these islands were attacked he believed that "no question of principle arises which in my view requires support for the Chinese Nationalist government..."

Scattered through the lectures are the quips and the neat turns of phrase which are refreshing and almost peculiarly

"Pearsonian" in diplomacy. Thus, the strain of our times "helps to make career diplomacy a 'sweat-shirt' rather than a 'boiled shirt' kind of work." "There is nothing more futile," he comments, "than negotiations in which each side shoots communiqués at the other." In his moving Nobel Peace Prize Lecture, which is included in this volume, he remarks with grim candour that "we prepare for war like precocious giants and for peace like retarded pygmies."

So here is a book which makes deceptively easy reading, but which carries conviction by its obvious sincerity. Its publication will reinforce the regret of so many Canadians that the exigencies of politics have deprived their country — and the world — of the services of a man who can ill be spared from the international scene.

F. H. SOWARD

KINGSTON BEFORE THE WAR OF 1812: A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS: Richard A. Preston ed.; Champlain Society, 1959; pp. cxvi, 428.

Professor Preston has built up a very full picture of the early development of Kingston. In 1778, the British authorities, then at war with the American colonies, decided to establish a post at the eastern end of Lake Ontario for the transshipment of goods proceeding to Niagara and the western forts. For this purpose they built a fort on Carleton Island near the site of Kingston. At the close of hostilities, in anticipation of the eventual abandonment of Carleton Island to the Americans, Governor Haldimand ordered Major John Ross, the commandant at Oswego, to establish a military post at Kingston. Haldimand was undoubtedly influenced in this decision by the knowledge that Guy Carleton, in New York, had begun to organize groups of Loyalists for despatch to the Kingston area. In 1783-84 Ross built a barracks and other installations. Merchants followed the troops and by 1784 two of them had constructed warehouses and wharves.

There were some Loyalists at Kingston in 1783 and in 1784 distribution of lands to the Loyalists began. In 1785 the new Anglican rector, John Stuart, reported that fifty houses had been built. Hamilton and Cartwright, the pioneer firm of importers and exporters, was operating in Kingston in 1785. By 1789 the dockyard was in existence and in 1792 the first Anglican church, a wooden structure 40' x 32', was built. An early traveller, P. Campbell, described the town in 1791 as "in its infancy, but fast increasing."

In the period 1792-1812 Kingston became a thriving pioneer community, the point of transshipment, a garrison town and naval base, and the town in which the superior courts for the district of Mecklenburg met. Prominent in the trade of the town were Richard Cartwright and other merchants including Joseph Forsyth, Robert Macaulay, Peter Smith and Thomas Markland. Cartwright built the *Lady Dorchester*, a ship of eighty-seven tons, in 1788 or 1789. A striking indication of Kingston's prosperity was the list of Cartwright's assets in 1815 (p. lxviii), including a sawmill, a fulling-mill, distillery, tavern, gristmill, a shop and other buildings (probably storehouses and warehouses).

During the period, Kingston was one of the few places in Upper Canada that was permanently garrisoned and it was the headquarters of the navy on Lake Ontario. The fleet which maintained the vital British communications on Lake Ontario in the war of 1812 was built at Point Frederick, across the harbour from the town. Professor Preston has included a considerable body of material on the state of the naval and military installations, including the garrison and the militia in the Kingston area. According to Sir Isaac Brock in 1811, "The Militia from the Bay of Quinté down to Glen-garry is the most respectable of any in the Province" (p. 268). The section on military and naval history also includes

a speech by Richard Cartwright on December 15, 1807, urging the militia of Frontenac County to make every effort in defence of their country against the Americans. There are a number of letters in reference to the unsuccessful efforts of American authorities at Sackett's Harbour in 1808, to secure the peaceful surrender of Carleton Island. Its dauntless garrison consisted of a corporal and three privates but was reinforced by the addition of a lieutenant, a sergeant and four privates.

Until 1812, Kingston was virtually a preserve of the Church of England. From 1785 to 1811 the rector of St. George's Church was the famous pioneer clergyman, John Stuart. His letters trace his early troubles with indifferent officials, unenthusiastic parishioners and the proselytizing clergy of other faiths. He had many difficulties with John Langhorn, the rector of the neighbouring parish of Ernestown. A sincere, but excessively punctilious man, Langhorn frequently embarrassed Stuart by a narrow insistence on the privileges and practices of the Church of England. Like many of the early Anglican clergy in Canada, Stuart was especially hostile to the Methodists whom he described in 1794 (p. 292) as "a set of ignorant enthusiasts, whose preaching is calculated only to perplex the understanding, and corrupt the morals and relax the nerves of industry, and dissolve the bonds of society." That the Methodists were beginning to make some impression in Kingston is suggested by the description of open air meetings conducted by William Case and Henry Ryan about 1805 (p. 330):

They would ride into the town, put their horses at an inn, lock arms, and go singing down the street a stirring ode beginning with 'Come let us march on Zion's hill.' By the time they had reached the market place they usually had collected a large assembly. When together, Ryan usually preached, and Case exhorted, for which he had a peculiar gift. Ryan's stentorian voice resounded through the town, and was heard across the adjacent waters to the neighbouring points of land. They suffered no particular opposition, excepting a little annoyance from some of the baser sort, who sometimes tried to trip them off the butcher's block which constituted their rostrum; set fire to their hair, and then blow out their candle if it were in the night season . . . intelligent and respectable man who years afterwards became converted, and was a leader and local preacher among the Methodists, in conversation with the author, dated his first convictions in boyhood from having heard the then youthful William Case preach from a butcher's block in the Kingston market.

Kingston failed in its ambition to become the capital of Upper Canada but it was a prosperous town in this period and began to develop the rudiments of a provincial culture. Its dancing assemblies, theatricals and vocal and instrumental music are reminiscent of life in Quebec and in other Canadian towns. As at Quebec, the British garrison made a distinct contribution to the life of the town. A letter writer declared in 1808, that all the ladies in Kingston seemed "to be partial to the Scarlet" (p. 352).

The volume contains a number of excellent maps of Kingston and its environs. There are 21 black and white illustrations including three prints of Cataraqui (Kingston) in 1783 and 1784 by James Peachey. *Kingston Before the War of 1812* is a valuable contribution to the history of Kingston and of Upper Canada in its early and formative stage. Professor Preston is to be congratulated on his thorough and careful editing and on his wise selection of material.

D. C. MASTERS

A Matter of Life-Styles

In the personality of Alan Jarvis, who resigned last month as director of the National Gallery of Canada, we can read a reverse image of the present government. Mr. Jarvis, who was appointed in 1955 by the Liberals, fought with the Conservative government over serious matters of policy, but he differed with the cabinet on something much more basic than whether or not to spend large sums of money on works of art. His fight with the government was, in a sense, a clash of what the sociologists call life-styles. During the Liberal administration, Mr. Jarvis (like Davidson Dunton, the former head of the CBC) had his troubles with both backbenchers and cabinet members. But (also like Dunton) he found supporters among them too; and, as any civil servant knows, a few firm supporters can defeat the plans of even a large group of half-hearted opponents. The curious and revealing aspect of Mr. Jarvis's recent problems was the complete lack of any supporters, in the cabinet or elsewhere. Except for a brief period at the beginning, when some tentative support was offered and then withdrawn, the National Gallery has had no champions in the Conservative Party since the spring of 1957.

The reasons became obvious quite early. Mr. Jarvis, though not by any means typical of the Liberal administration, could at least win its tolerance. But his public attitude was so strongly opposed to that of the Diefenbaker cabinet that no compromise was ever really possible. Mr. Jarvis, it must be admitted, was a strange sort of civil servant. He was lively, intense, outspoken, defiantly cultured—and irritating. The government, on the other hand, is generally dull, irresolute, silent whenever possible on matters of controversy, lacking in any obvious signs of culture—and bland.

It is not altogether coincidental that Mr. Jarvis's resignation came in the same season as the attempt to push Preview Commentary (a rather light-hearted program of brief political comments) off the national radio network. The free-wheeling reporters of Preview Commentary irritated the government, just as Mr. Jarvis did. This year, apparently, the government is in no mood to be irritated by people whose attitudes are so foreign to its own.

In his four years as a civil servant, Alan Jarvis accomplished a great deal. Through his efforts as a publicity man for art in general, and through his promotion of the more talented young artists, he made the Gallery a stronger force in our national life than it had ever been before. But he went a little farther than that. His own personality, while annoying the Conservatives, also served to offset the dullness which had become a traditional part of the art scene in Canada.

ROBERT FULFORD

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*Amongst those wonders which on earth
are shown,
In any age there seldom hath been known,
A thing more strange than that which this
Relation,
Doth here present unto your observation.*
(from a contemporary ballad)

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The Campden Wonder

EDITED BY Sir George Clark

just come to light, shows how historical research can smelt the truth from a lump of lies and misunderstandings.

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*The best portraits are perhaps those in
which there is a slight mixture of caricature*
—Macaulay

We would like to go further and assert that as good caricature fixes the fleeting and often unfulfilled potentialities of a personality it can be the truest form of portraiture.

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This book is an entertaining and instructive biography which provides new insight into the social history of the Paris of that time.

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